

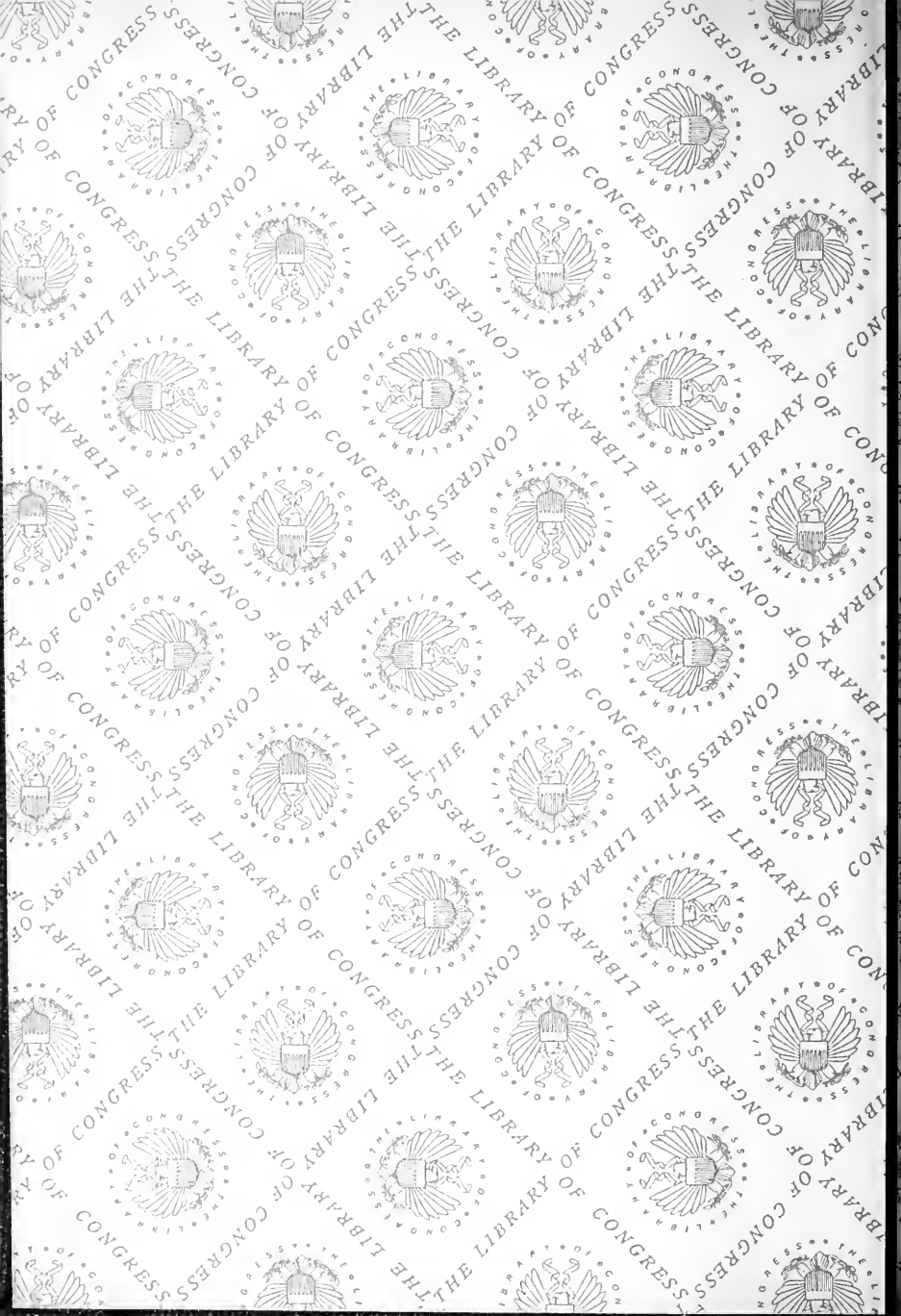
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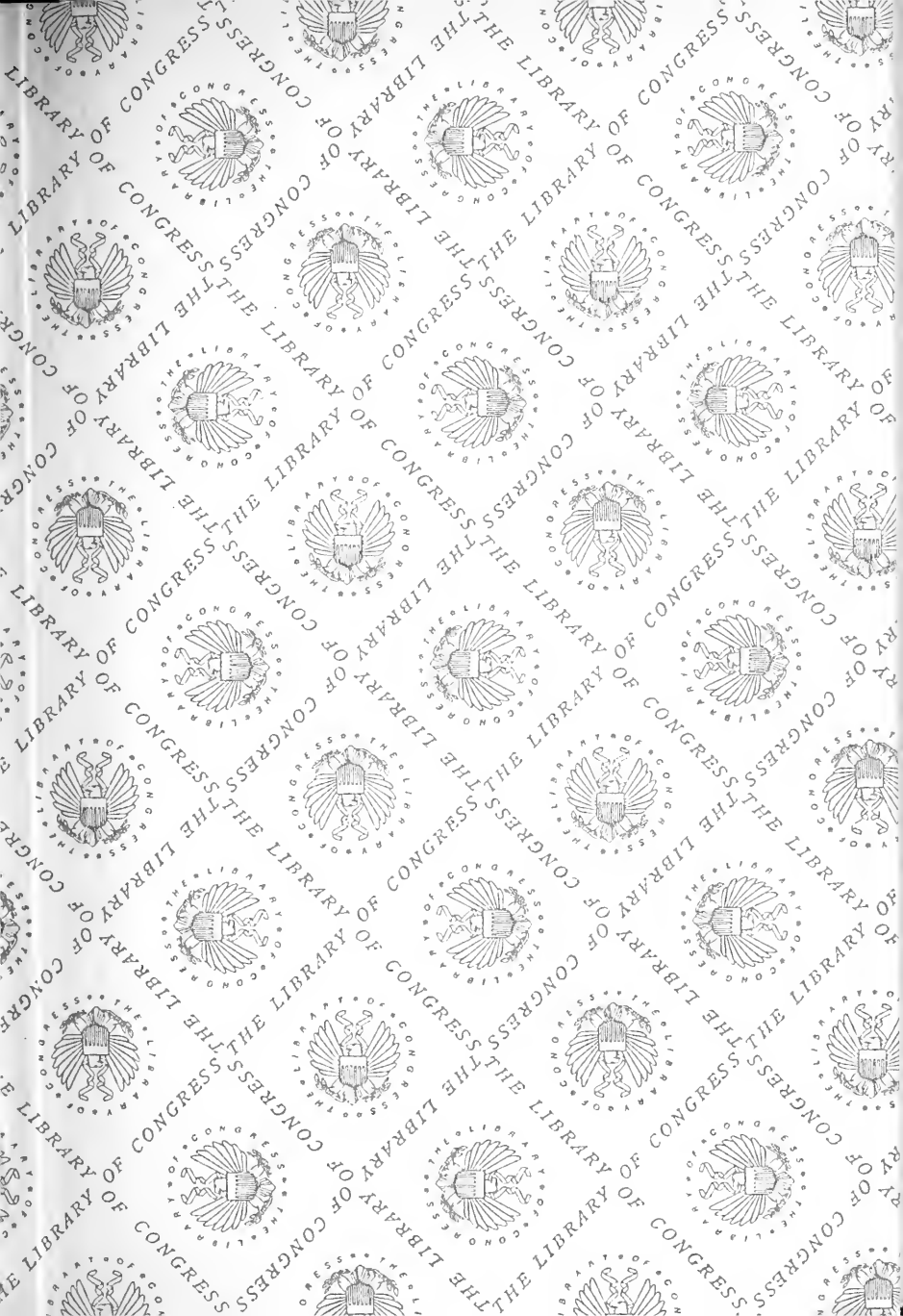
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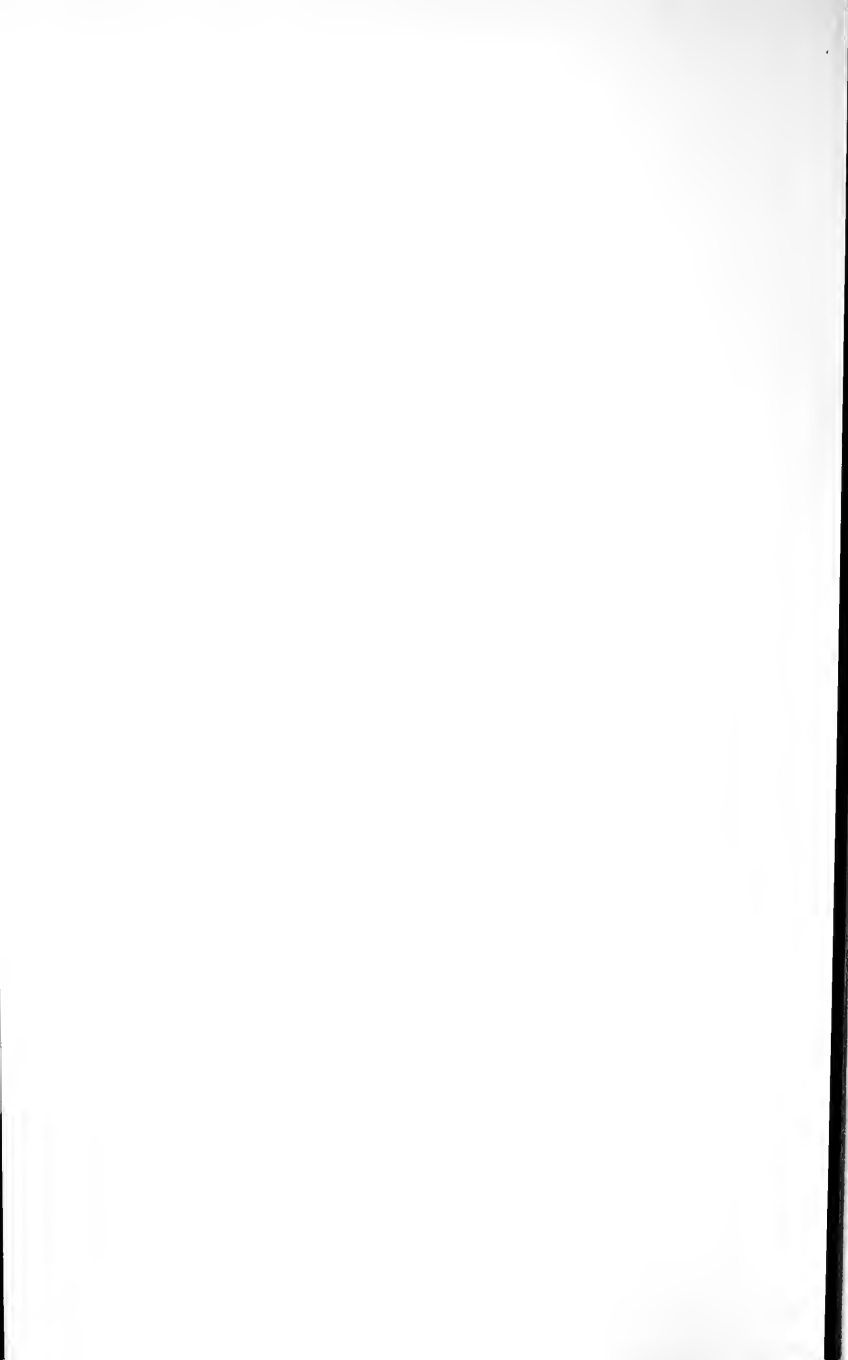
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FLAG OF GERMANY.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO GERMANY

FOR
INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER GRADES

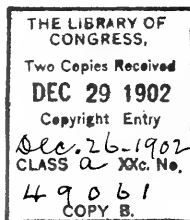
PART I, NORTH GERMANY

PART II, THE RHINELAND

EDITED BY
MARIAN M. GEORGE

CHICAGO
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E. d. W. Jan. 28/15

A Little Journey

to North Germany

THE LAND OF SONG

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Swabia? Is't Prussia's strand?
Is't where the grape grows on the Rhine?
Or sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
Oh, no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria or Illyria's strand?
Is't where the sand wafts on the shore?
Is't where the Danube's surges roar?
Oh, no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Say, how is named that mighty land?
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
The land and people please me well.
Oh, no! more great, more grand,
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Oh, name to me the mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung,
This it shall be, this it shall be,
O German, it belongs to thee.

In Central Europe is a great country which stands in the forefront among the busy, prosperous nations of the world—the German Empire. In commerce and industry Germany holds its own with any country.

In the practical arts and sciences it is away ahead of us all.

We are going to Germany to see its sights: its cities full of imposing buildings, parks, palaces and art galleries; its curious old towns and fine old castles where great events have left their mark these thousand years; its lovely scenery along the Rhine and Danube rivers—bits of country rich in legend; its ancient forests, and quaint villages, and well-tilled farm lands; and busy factories, and mines, and canals, and harbors, and docks; and its people. Some one has said that the German nation is composed of people, soldiers, and students.

What suits the boys who like warfare and warriors above everything else is that soldiers grow on every bush in Germany, which is the first military nation in the world. All along its frontier are fortresses garrisoned by well-disciplined soldiers ready for war at a moment's notice. The fortresses are connected by railroads and underground telegraph lines; and almost every town in the empire has its barracks and soldiers and military supplies.

Some of us are interested in the student part of the people. We like to visit good schools, and in Germany are the best of schools of every grade, from kindergartens up to universities. All of us enjoy good music, and Germany is the home of music. It is the country to which music students throng from all parts of the earth. Most of the world's greatest composers have been Germans. We shall hear their masterpieces played by the best orchestras and sung by the best choruses, as we travel through the empire.

We must divide our journey in two, for this is not a small country, to be seen in a month. It extends from



MUSIC IN THE HOME

the German Ocean, or North Sea, Denmark, and the Baltic, on the north, to Austria and Switzerland on the south; and from Holland, Belgium and France,

on the west, to Russia and Austria on the east, having an area of 206,575 square miles and a population of 56,367,178.

The empire consists of twenty-six states, somewhat as our own country is composed. Four of these divisions are kingdoms: Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg; three are "free towns" (which rule themselves) Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck; and the rest are either principalities (territories ruled by princes) or duchies (those ruled by dukes). Formerly all were independent nations; and each king, prince and duke tried to outdo the rest in enriching his own capital city. So Germany is full of fine cities.

Almost the whole of northern Germany is occupied by the Kingdom of Prussia. Less than forty years ago, when the German states were still independent nations, Prussia went to war with France. As the people of the other German states all spoke the same language as the Prussians, and had much the same customs, they took her part in the war, and finally united to help her defeat France. This was the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871. It closed with the battle of Sedan, in which the Germans were victorious.

The German people, feeling friendly on account of their victory, decided to unite in one great empire. The combined German armies marched into Paris, took possession of the French royal palace at Versailles, and there, in May, 1871, crowned William of Prussia as the first Emperor of Germany.

We shall first make a tour of North Germany, which is divided from South Germany by the River Main. North Germany is often called Protestant Germany, as the Protestant Church is there supported by the government. It is a level country, crossed by several large rivers and numerous canals, and is bordered on the west and south by low mountains noted for their picturesque scenery. From our guide books we map out our tour thus:

1. Berlin, the capital of the Empire, noted for its palaces and schools.

2. Potsdam, the city of palaces.

3. The Spreewald, a quaint forest region.

4. The Harz Mountains, long far-famed as the abode of witches and hobgoblins.

5. Hamburg, the chief commercial city of Europe, and other Baltic coast cities.

6. Dresden, noted for its art galleries and porcelain works.

7. Leipsic, a book trade and music center.

8. Towns famous as the homes of celebrated people.

We shall find these as we go.

A night train from Paris carries us swiftly across "the Fatherland" to Berlin, its largest city and capital. When we rub our eyes at daybreak, we see from our car windows dark clouds against the eastern sky—not clouds, either, but towers and domes and smoke-stacks and roofs. The black mass spreading wide ahead of us, and seeming to reach the sky, is Berlin.

We need not gather our bundles in haste, for it takes a long time to reach the city, when once we have

come in sight of it. Lying in the center of a level plain, the homes and shops of Berlin's two and a quarter million of people are visible from afar.

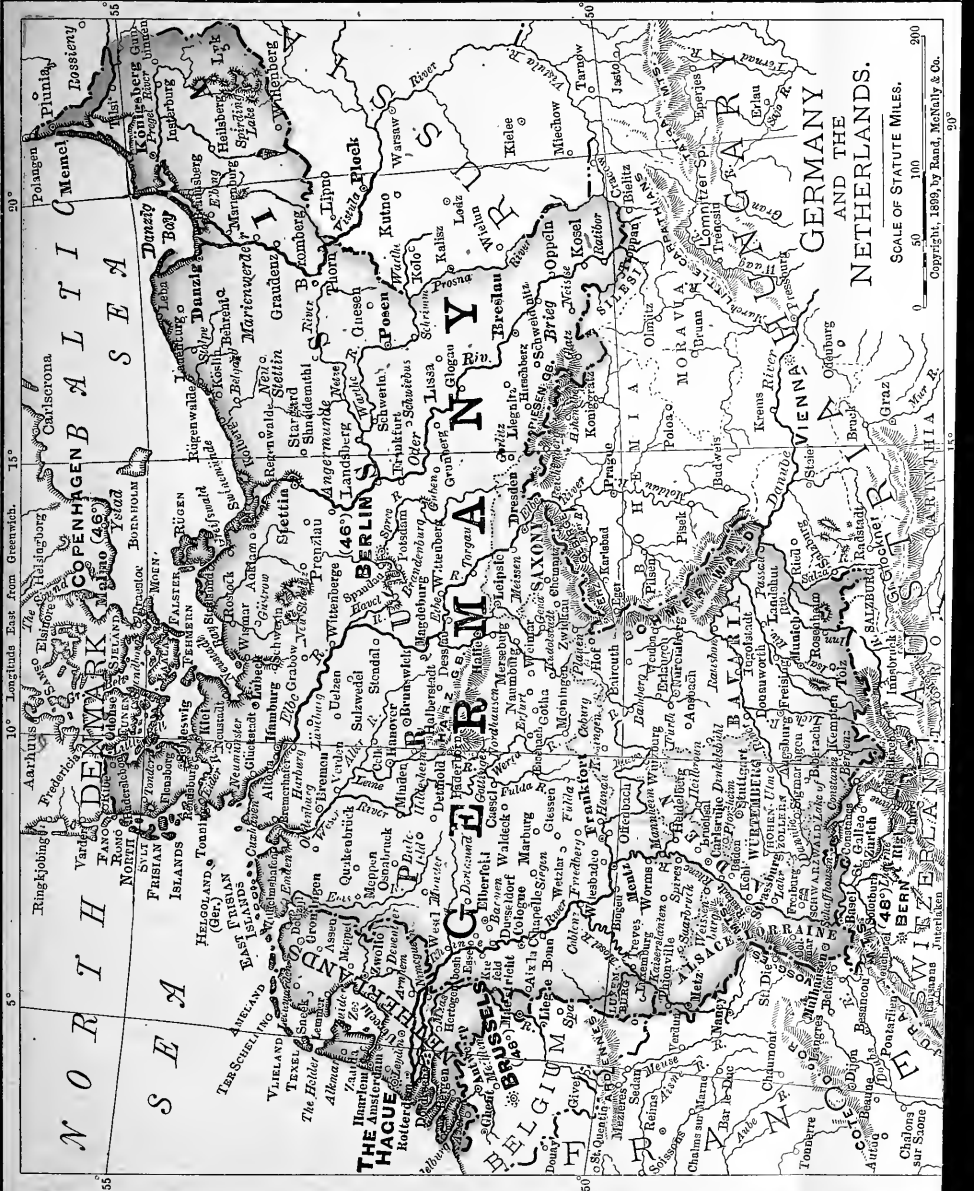
BERLIN

At last we arrive in the vast railway station. We look about us, puzzled what to do, for we speak but little German and know not how to find our hotel. There are no advertisements to be seen, no clamoring cabmen to be heard. Who will guide us? A railway porter in blue uniform answers our question by handing us a metal tag like a baggage check and waving us toward the door. At the street entrance another official takes the tag, looks at the number marked upon it, and summons the proper cabman. A word of direction, and away we go over the smoothest of asphalt pavements.

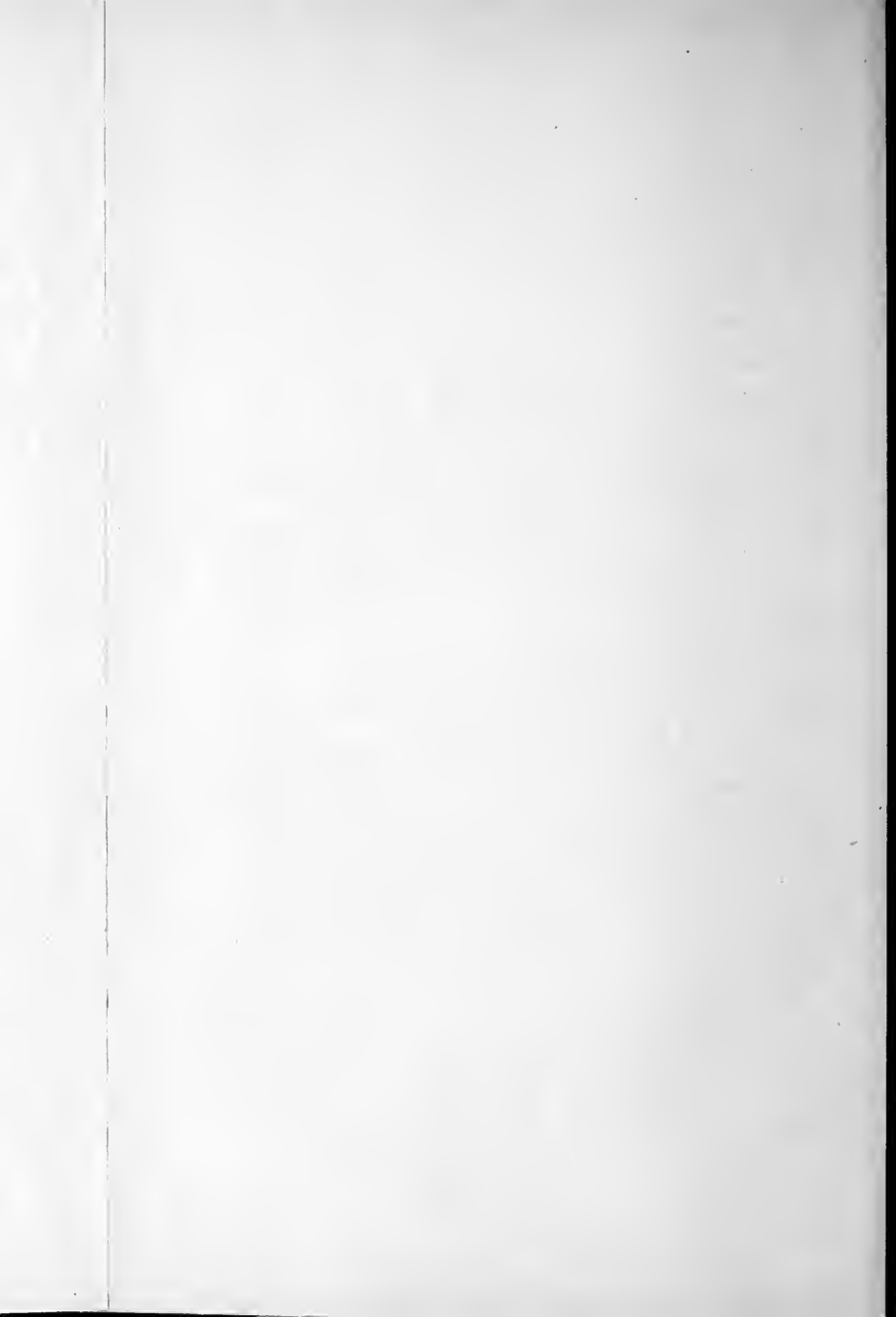
What a scene of life and activity are these Berlin streets! People stream up and down the walks like the figures in a moving picture. The streets are as clean as the floor of a lady's parlor. Lofty buildings line them on both sides. There is a glitter of shop windows, a gleam of marble statuary in open squares, a glimpse of some palace, or carved bridge, or flower-decked platz (or square), or parliament building.

The streets of Berlin show solid fronts of great high, stucco-finished rococo buildings. The effect is imposing, and quite different from the appearance of most of our cities, with houses of all sizes, shapes and colors. There are no black roofs, unpainted sheds, wooden fences and muddy streets and sidewalks.

All manner of vehicles roll past us—ambulances and



SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
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truck carts, and droshkies (or cabs), and electric street cars, and bicycles, and fine equipages with liveried coachmen, and milk carts drawn by dogs, and market carts drawn by peasant women. Trains on the elevated railway thunder over our heads, and trains on the underground street railway rumble beneath us, if we but knew it. But their noise does not reach us.

Here is an army of street cleaners at work, men and boys in neat uniform. They are sweeping, washing and scraping the pavement, while garbage carts are being loaded with refuse from the ornamental iron tanks ranged along the streets. Whatever is offensive is at once taken from the streets and placed in these iron receptacles.

The street cleaners are as dainty about their work as so many hospital nurses. They have artistic-looking shovels, and brooms, and covered wheelbarrows, and rubber scrapers. The very water carts are handsome in design. We see a leaf drift down upon the street: a man in uniform straightway springs to remove it. A newsboy drops a fragment of paper: a policeman makes him pick it up. Not a scrap of paper or refuse of any kind is allowed to remain on these finely kept streets.

We see maid servants going from market, with their purchases in baskets carefully covered with cloths; and factory workmen hastening hither and thither, pipes in their mouths.

There are policemen in uniforms of much splendor, and soldiers, and students from the University, easily recognized by their jaunty caps and careless manners.

Most interesting of all are the army officers who are

seen on every street, striding along with sabers clanking at their heels and making a bright bit of color with their scarlet trimmed uniforms. We hear military music and looking down a side street have a glimpse of a body of cavalry dashing across it. Berlin is the chief military city of Europe.

PENSION LIFE

On a broad avenue lined by tall houses with handsome fronts decorated by rich carvings, balconies full of blooming plants, and statuary set in niches—on this avenue is our boarding house or pension. It is in a tall apartment house, each floor of which forms a dwelling for a separate family. We enter a marble-paved vestibule from the street and ascend an elegant staircase with landings here and there provided with seats, ornamented by bronze statuary, and lighted by stained-glass windows. Open windows look upon an inner grass-grown court where a fountain plays. Our pension is on the fourth floor—a weary climb. We sigh for an elevator, but elevators are not common in Berlin.

A pleasant German landlady makes us welcome, and gives us front rooms looking upon a pretty little platz. We peer about our quarters curiously—neat but stiff-looking little rooms, with the furniture in each ranged solemnly around the walls. The first room is papered in dark chocolate color, the floor is painted and partly covered with rugs.

The windows are draped with lace curtains. All of the windows are double, and open on hinges like doors, the inner ones opening into the room; the outer ones upon the street. Standing primly around the

room, in order, are an old-fashioned chest of drawers, a clumsy wardrobe with great pegs inside on which our clothing will *not* hang, a square table standing squarely in the center of a rug, a quaint old wash-stand, a stove and a bed.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—KAISER WILHELM II.

The stove is built into the wall, reaches almost to the ceiling, and is covered with light blue porcelain tiles. It is as cheerful to look upon as a tombstone, with not a spark of fire to be seen, although it is warm to the touch. This is a June day, but cold, for Berlin

is as far north as Labrador, though its climate is considerably milder than that of Labrador.

We ring for more heat, and are told that the stove is supplied with fuel but once a day. Each morning the maid puts a little panful of blocks of pressed coal into this porcelain monument, waits till it is ablaze, then shuts the stove door, leaving the fire to itself until the next morning. This German fire warms the room mildly for twenty-four hours. In winter only a German could live in such slightly heated rooms.

The most remarkable article in each room is the bed. German beds are always single, short, narrow, and made for anything but comfort. A tall person lying in one must coil himself up like a wire spring and remain quite still if he wishes to keep from falling out. There is no sheet, no blanket, no counterpane. The only covering is a feather bed, concealed by day with a chintz spread. The feather bed lies upon a mattress which is enclosed in a cotton case like a pillow slip. We lie awake much of the time, learning how to balance ourselves on our mattresses and keep the feather beds on top of us.

We have five meals a day. At eight o'clock in the morning we have a cup of coffee and two crisp rolls, served usually in our rooms. A second breakfast at eleven o'clock consists of a cup of beef tea or of chocolate, or it may be a sandwich alone is served. Dinner is ready in the dining-room at two o'clock. We have soup which is like nothing ever made in any other country. Sometimes it is chocolate soup covered with whipped cream, or apple soup, or cherry

or plum, or a vegetable soup—thick with onions, cabbage and carrots.

For the second course we have chicken, ham, or several kinds of sausage. Good fresh meat is not so cheap here as in America. With the meat come potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. The bread is dark, and has caraway seeds in it. Puddings made of curious mixtures are the usual dessert. Coffee is served, and beer also, for the German people are very fond of beer. At five o'clock toast, boiled eggs, tea, and perhaps fruit, form the fourth meal. Little cakes are added on special occasions.

Supper is at nine or even ten o'clock, when all are home from opera, concert, lessons, and sight seeing. We have a hearty meal of sausage, ham, bread and butter, preserved fruits, cheese, tea and beer.

Our fellow boarders are foreigners like ourselves, in Berlin to study music at the Conservatory, or to attend lectures at the University, or to study German. As all of us wish to learn the language, we speak only German at meal times. Often we make funny blunders, but our German friends never laugh at our mistakes, being too thoughtful of our feelings to ridicule us.

The Germans are careful to observe little courtesies. On appearing at the table one is expected to bow to each person present, beginning with the hostess. On leaving, the bowing is all repeated. If one wishes to be very cordial, he shakes hands all around upon rising from the table, saying to each one in German, "May the meal be blessed."

It is easy to know all about our fellow boarders in

Germany. As soon as a traveler arrives in any town the police call upon him, to learn his name, birthplace, date of birth, last dwelling-place, and occupation. These items are kept among the official records where anyone may read them. If one stays long in a place, he must tell the amount of his income and pay part of it to the government as a tax. Every time one moves, if only to a different pension, he is registered again by the police. These German police have a great deal of authority, so that almost the very dogs and cats are afraid of being arrested by them.



BRANDENBURG GATE

THE CHIEF SIGHTS OF BERLIN

Berlin is the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia as well as of the German Empire. It stands on a plain, beautiful with fields and gardens. The city is divided by the river Spree and numerous canals which connect branches of the stream.

The town sprang from a little settlement on an island in the Spree, eight hundred years ago. Frederick the Great, one of the kings of Prussia, spent much money in beautifying his capital. Berlin is a city of palaces. We find no ruins here. The balconies of the houses are full of flowers; the fronts of some of the residences look like flower gardens—hanging gardens from the ground to the roof.

The city's buildings and statuary tell the history of Prussia—a history of warfare; for Prussia is a nation of warriors. We hire a droshky at one *mark* an hour, and drive to see one of Berlin's greatest war memorials, the Brandenburg Gate. (A *mark* is worth about twenty-five cents.)

The famous Brandenburg Gate is a triumphal arch built like a Greek portico with six huge fluted columns forming five separate passageways. It stands at the western end of Unter den Linden, the finest boulevard in Berlin, and gives entrance to the park called the Thiergarten. The Gate is seventy feet high and two hundred feet wide.

All foot passengers and carriages may pass through the side arches, but the central one is reserved for the royal family alone. An armed soldier guards this royal passageway, to warn off common folk should they attempt to use it.

On top of the Gate is the bronze statue of Victory, represented as a goddess, seated in a car and driving four spirited horses. This fine group is a war trophy. In 1807 Napoleon Bonaparte, the French general, captured Berlin and carried away this Victory to Paris, to adorn his own capital. But in 1814 the

statue was brought back to Berlin by the Prussian general, Blücher, and set facing the Unter den Linden. And there is not a school-boy in Berlin but can tell us proudly how "old Blücher" brought it home.

Passing through the gate, we enter the Thiergarten, and see at once another memorial of warfare—the tall Victory monument, which stands at the end of several fine avenues coming to a center in this part



VICTORY COLUMN

of the park. The Victory monument measures from base to top one hundred and ninety-eight feet. It was first intended as a memorial of the war with Denmark, in which Germany took the province of Schleswig and Holstein from the Danes.

Then Prussia won in a war with Austria, and it was decided to honor this victory also. Finally came the victories over the French in 1870-71, and the formation of the German Empire. So the Vic-

tory monument was designed to commemorate these three wars. It was completed in 1873. The monument has a sculptured pedestal, above which is an open colonnade or Hall of Victory. Above the colonnade is reared the shaft, and on its summit is a figure of Victory.

The pedestal alone would give one several lessons in German history. On one side are carved illustrations of the chief events in the Danish war; on another is shown a scene in the Austrian campaign; on the third and fourth are shown the surrender of the French in 1871 after the great battle of Sedan, which closed the Franco-Prussian War; the triumphal entry of the German soldiers into Paris; and the return to Berlin of the newly-crowned Emperor William I. and his victorious troops. In these sculptured pictures are seen the faces of Bismarck, the great Prussian statesman, and of Von Moltke, the equally great Prussian general.

Within the open colonnade is a mosaic showing other war scenes. The shaft is a fluted sandstone column having three rows of cannon fitted into its grooves and bound to the shaft by sculptured laurel wreaths. These are the cannon captured from the Danes, the Austrians and the French. The figure of Victory on top of this shaft is forty-two feet high.

Turning from this fine monument, we drive up and down the avenues of the Thiergarten, leaving the droshky at times, to wander about beneath the trees. The Thiergarten is a beautiful park of six hundred acres. It is surrounded by an elegant resi-

dence district which extends for several miles westward.

We ride along shaded avenues, past dripping fountains, bridges which are works of art, flower plots, marble statuary and grassy stretches where children are at play. Whole families are here, spending the day in the open air. A tramway crosses the park, its cars always full of pleasure seekers. Even in winter the Thiergarten is thronged, for then the skating draws the merry-makers.

About ninety acres of the Thiergarten are given up to a zoölogical garden, which has the largest and best collection of animals found in the world. This part of the park is a favorite resort for the children, who romp here from early morning until dark. A troop of nurse maids in caps and aprons are pushing their baby carriages over the walks, while women busy with knitting and fancywork sit on the benches and chat. Orchestras play, officers in spick and span uniforms stride past, a group of university students are smoking and singing songs under a great oak tree, and the monkeys in their glass houses are making faces at a group of tourists who are gathered before their perches.

A little stream which sparkles through the park is dotted with small islands. On one island is a fine statue of Queen Louisa of Prussia, great-grandmother of the present Emperor William II. This lovely young queen was as good as she was beautiful, and the German people idolize her memory. She was driven from her palace when Napoleon took Berlin

in 1807, and with her husband, King Frederick William III., endured great hardships while in exile.

This monument was erected to welcome her on her return to Berlin. Many of us have seen copies of the portrait of Queen Louisa which represents her descending the palace staircase.

Other statues in the park are famed as works of art. One of white marble is of Goethe, the greatest German poet; and another celebrated bit of sculpture is the lion group.

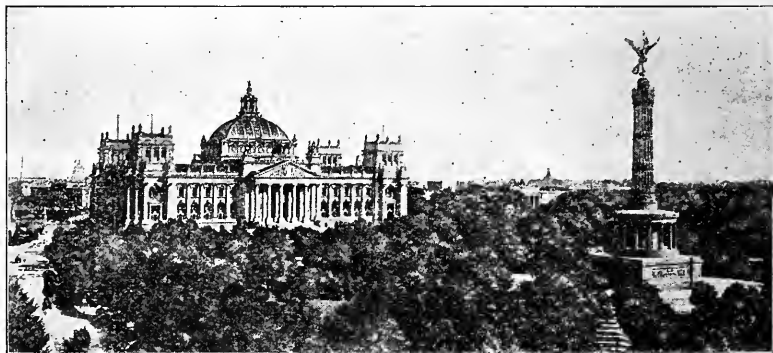
The finest boulevard in Berlin is Unter den Linden. The name means "under the linden trees." It stretches eastward from the Brandenburg Gate for a mile and is adorned with rows of oak trees, chestnuts, beeches and lindens—the linden trees giving the name. A grassy strip under the trees has seats arranged along its entire length, and here one may rest and look at the palaces, statuary, gardens, and cafes on either side, and at the multitude moving up and down the many drives, promenades and carriage-ways of this broad street.

There is a paved roadway for heavy vehicles, then a row of trees, a smooth carriage-drive, another row of trees, a soft riding-path for equestrians only, and a broad promenade for pedestrians, bordered by more trees—all this forming but half the avenue; the same series is repeated on the other side of the central promenade. The throng of people is divided into two streams, one moving toward the park, the other from it. At night thousands of electric lights make the avenue brilliant.

Winter is the best time to see the Linden, for then

Berlin is gayest. The royal family has returned from its summer palaces; the German parliament is in session; and fashionable folk from all over the empire have come to participate in the winter round of parties, balls, operas and court festivities.

The Paris Platz just east of the Brandenburg Gate is at this end of the Linden. It is bordered by palaces, the house numbered 2 being that of Prince Blücher, the general. All of these palaces have gardens in front where flowers bloom and rose-hedges fill the air with



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, BERLIN

perfumes. Palaces and gardens are all about us. And as we move eastward along the Linden, handsome residences, public buildings, hotels and shops are seen on both sides.

At every turn we meet rubber-tired carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, thousands of shoppers, sightseers, idlers and soldiers, and even a detachment of troops marching gaily down the avenue with colors flying and band playing.

Where busy streets cross Unter den Linden, mounted police are on duty to prevent a blockade. Droshky drivers hiss a warning to careless pedestrians and drive ahead without further notice. If one gets run over in Berlin, he may be arrested for blockading the street. We cross in safety and loiter along, looking into the shop windows. And what splendid shop windows! Here are beautiful specimens of filagree jewelry, porcelain, brassware and artistic furniture. These are all made in Berlin, which is a great manufacturing center.

The Berlin porcelain manufactory was founded by Frederick the Great. There are factories, besides, for making pianos, scientific instruments, machinery, locomotives, carpets, gold and silver goods and electro-plate. Factories with tall smoke-stacks crowd the outskirts of the city, employing thousands of workmen.

A large space at the eastern end of Unter den Linden is the most interesting part of Berlin. It is surrounded by palaces, the University, the Arsenal, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and beyond these the Schloss Bridge, the Lustgarten, Museum, and Old Schloss. We pass the palace of Emperor William I., a plain, substantial dwelling, and cross to an open space in front of it, where stands the statue of Frederick the Great, the finest bronze monument in the world.

Frederick the Great lived in the time of George Washington. He was Prussia's greatest king and one of the greatest generals of the modern world. In 1740 his reign began, when he was twenty-eight

years old, and from then until his death in 1786 Prussia prospered as under no other ruler. He was a warrior king and won in repeated battles with Austria, France, and any nation which crossed his path. After the Seven Years' War he annexed much territory to his kingdom, and began to establish manufactories, open excellent schools, build palaces, bridges and roads, and improve the farm lands.

He was a man of fine taste in music, art and literature, and wrote books—thirty volumes in all—though so busy with other duties that one wonders when he found time to use his pen. We shall visit his palaces in Potsdam later on and learn more of his life. Let us turn now to his statue in Unter den Linden.

The granite pedestal, twenty-five feet high, has its sides covered with carved figures of the most distinguished generals who served in war under Frederick the Great. These figures are life-size. Bronze statues of his four greatest generals stand at the corners of the pedestal. Above this fine stone base rises the statue of "Old Fritz" on horseback. The Germans love to call their famous king "Old Fritz."

This equestrian statue is seventeen and a half feet high. The king wears a sweeping military cloak and cocked hat, just as his people were wont to see him dressed; he looks down upon the avenue throng with the shrewd gaze which he always bent upon his fellow-men. The general appearance of the monument is that of groups of bronze people, horses, cannon, armor, trumpets and other war supplies—all

massed beneath the splendid central figure, Old Fritz on his horse.

Across the street is the University building. This University is one of the best in a country famous for universities of high rank, such as those of Halle, Bonn, Heidelberg, Jena, Göttingen, Leipsic, Freiburg and Strasburg. Many of the professors in the University of Berlin have been men of world-wide fame.

Here, in the grass-grown court around three sides of which the building is erected, stand statues of the Humboldt brothers. Alexander von Humboldt, a professor in this University, was a famous naturalist. He traveled widely and discovered much of the information about climate, land forms, animal and vegetable life, weather conditions, and the like, which we now learn from our geographies. He was buried in Berlin, and his grave is visited by hundreds of travelers each year.

Among other celebrated professors here were the Grimm brothers, Jacob and William, who were students of language. Jacob Grimm compiled a German dictionary, a great work, but of less interest to us than the folk-tales which he and William collected and published in 1812 and 1815. We still read Grimm's Fairy Tales. The brothers gathered these folk-stories partly from the people and partly from books.

We have heard, too, of Professor Koch, who still lives, and who, in 1882, discovered the germ (or bacillus) from which consumption arises—a discovery which has led to the saving of many lives. Germans lead in the discovery of scientific facts.

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Students from all parts of the world flock to Germany, and especially to Berlin, to study under its celebrated professors. We meet many American students in Berlin, some of them women, for of late years women have been admitted to the lectures in the German universities. Berlin University has



OLD EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PALACE, BERLIN

about five thousand students in all. Adjoining the University is the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Near by is the Arsenal, a massive building richly decorated with carvings and sculptures. The keystones of the windows are carved blocks representing the heads of dying warriors. We enter and examine the large collection of armor, weapons, cannon, tro-

phies taken in battle, models of fortresses, plans of battles, and specimens of every kind of ordnance from those used in early ages down to the famous Krupp guns of to-day.

In the Hall of Fame in this building we look upon an assembly of bronze and marble statues of war heroes and kings, while the walls are covered with great frescoes showing "The Proclamation of the German Emperor at Versailles," "The French Surrender at Sedan," and the picture of the celebrated regiment of giants, formed by the father of Frederick the Great, a tyrannical old king who forced every tall man in Prussia into the ranks of this peculiar regiment. When the Prussian giants gave out, he sent agents to other countries, to bribe tall men to enlist. An Irishman over seven feet tall was paid six thousand dollars to join the Giant Grenadiers.

The Royal Guard House, close at hand, is a low, square building, a copy of a Roman fortified gate. A company of soldiers is stationed here, a squad always being lined up to salute passing officers or members of the royal household. As these are constantly passing, the sentries' hands are forever rising to their caps in salute. At noon a military band plays stirring music here for an hour. Soldiers, officers, military bands, cavalry regiments, statues of generals, memorials of battle victories—already we have seen all these in Berlin.

Why is the German Empire a nation of warriors? There is a need. Germany is a rich country, but it has no natural defences, no sea nor mountain barriers dividing it from its neighbors. A great army and

lines of fortresses are necessary to protect it from envious enemies.

All about these buildings are open spaces where flowers grow, where carriages roll to and fro, and court liveries and army uniforms brighten the scene with gold lace, scarlet, and glittering helmets.

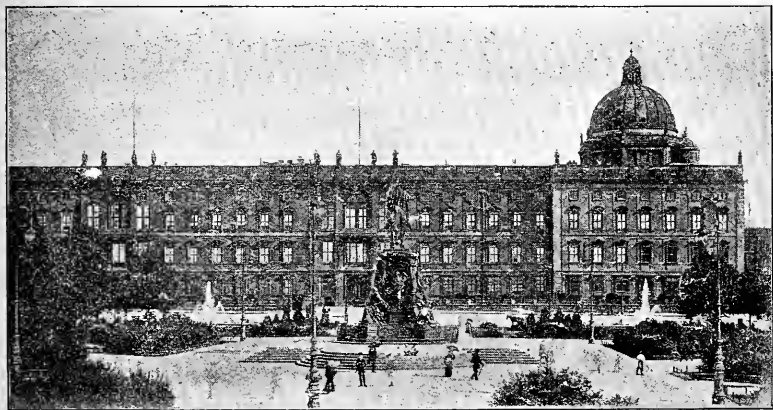
Here is the stately Schloss Bridge over the Spree. It is decorated with eight marble groups representing the different stages in a warrior's life. Another bridge not far away has an equestrian statue of the Great Elector, a Prussia ruler. An equestrian statue is a statue of some one on horseback. Some people say that on New Year's Eve this figure of the Great Elector springs from his bronze horse and goes about the streets of Berlin punishing evil-doers.

Crossing the Schloss Bridge, we walk through the Lustgarten, a lovely park with flowers, trees, and a fountain in the center. Nightingales sing in these Berlin parks in the springtime—music sweeter than the orchestra concerts which often take place here. The Lustgarten is bounded on the south by the royal palace known as the Old Schloss; on the north by the Museum; and on the east by the Cathedral or Dom. The Old Schloss is the home of Emperor William II. and his family during the winter months. A purple standard always flies from one of the Schloss towers to show the presence of the Kaiser, as the Emperor is called in Germany.

William II. (or Wilhelm II.) is a grandson of Queen Victoria, his mother being the eldest daughter of the English Queen. We have heard much of him recently, during the visit of his brother, Prince Henry, to the

United States, when the daughter of our President christened the Emperor's yacht. The most friendly feelings exist between the United States and Germany, this being due in a large measure to the influence of Wilhelm II.

One side of the Old Schloss faces the river, throwing a reflection of its quaint old towers and battlements in the water. It is three stories high, six hundred and forty feet long, and three hundred and seventy-



EMPEROR'S PALACE AT BERLIN

six feet wide. It was begun four hundred and sixty years ago as a fortress, by the Great Elector. Each succeeding king has added portions to the palace, until it now contains seven hundred rooms.

A guide in court livery takes us for a tour through the part usually shown to visitors. We ascend to the second story by a broad inclined passageway which would make a good toboggan slide. Kings and courtiers of early times used to ride upstairs on horseback

or in carriages. There is now a splendid staircase adorned with statues, fountains and frescoes, but we prefer the ancient passage.

The guide brings us a bundle of felt slippers of huge size, bidding us don them over our shoes. This is to protect the brilliantly polished floors from scratching, but it is far from easy to go sliding over what seems square miles of waxed floors in shoes as large as small boats.

Steering carefully, we make our way through one magnificent apartment after another, until our eyes grow weary of jewels, and gilding, and richly colored tapestries, and costly furniture, and inlaid work, and mosaics, and rare bric-a-brac. Floors, walls, and ceilings glitter with polished wood, gilding, frescoes, gems, marbles, bronzes, and every manner of costly adornment.

The picture gallery, two hundred feet long, is sometimes used for court banquets. The walls are covered with pictures by modern artists. One painting is well known to us from the many copies seen at home—a representation of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," by the French artist, David. Blücher, who brought back from Paris the bronze Victory belonging to the Brandenburg Gate, brought this picture of Napoleon also, taking it from the Paris gallery as a further punishment to the French for stealing Berlin's art treasures.

The Throne Room is gorgeous with ornaments and the costly relics of former kings. A gilded canopy above a wall space covered with velvet overhangs the chairs of the emperor and empress. Op-

posite this is the most splendid sideboard ever made. It rises to the ceiling—a mass of gold and silver carved in elaborate forms—and is laden with gold and silver plate.

Standing on the floor in front of it is a beer mug as tall as a man. The beer mug seems a strange object to be thus honored, but it is of no small importance in the empire. In Berlin alone about ninety million gallons of beer are drunk each year.

From the ceiling of the Throne Room hangs a rock-crystal chandelier with a history. Several hundred years ago it hung in the Hall of Conclave in the city of Worms, and beneath it stood Martin Luther, a monk and the founder of the Protestant Church, while being tried before the emperor's court for his religious belief. We shall learn more of Luther as we travel through the towns where he lived and worked. This man is revered by Protestant Germans as one of the world's greatest of great men.

The White Hall is the largest and finest room in the Old Schloss. It is more than one hundred feet long, and contains numbers of statues of celebrated rulers and artists, also paintings, frescoes, and carvings of exquisite workmanship. Here court balls are given, and here the emperor meets the German Parliament once a year to address it at its opening session. At night, when for some festival the three thousand wax candles light up this White Hall, the scene is said to be dazzling enough to blind the eyes.

We are shown the Chapel, and the rooms inhabited by Frederick the Great, but are tired of splendors

and glad to rest for a time in the park, discarding our felt slippers with relief.

The Museum, facing the Old Schloss from the other side of the Lustgarten, is in two buildings, the Old Museum, and the New Museum in its rear. The two are connected by a colonnade.

The Old Museum covers forty-seven thousand square feet of ground, and is considered the most beautiful building in Berlin. In front of its entrance is a great basin cut from a single granite boulder. This forms an impressive part of the approach to the building. We mount the broad, easy steps and pause to look at the two bronze groups, one on either side of the steps, which have been admired and written about by every visitor of taste who has looked upon them. One is "The Lion Killer"; the other "The Amazon." The first represents a rider hurling his spear at a lion which bars his way. The second shows a stalwart woman—an Amazon—in the act of defending herself from a panther which has leaped upon her horse's neck.

We pass through a portico enclosed by eighteen huge columns, where frescoes on the walls portray incidents in the progress of the world, and where are statues of sculptors and artists. Great bronze doors, richly carved, lead within. These doors weigh several tons and cost thousands of dollars.

The ground floor contains pottery, mosaics, bronzes, caméos, engraved stones, ancient medals, and about two thousand vases. Above this is the Gallery of Sculptures, a rotunda or circular hall filled with antique statues, some of them of great value.

One bronze figure, "The Praying Boy," is supposed to have been made about four hundred years before Christ. It was found buried in the bed of the river Tiber in Italy. Frederick the Great bought it for ten thousand dollars, and placed it here.

The Picture Gallery on the upper floor contains paintings by nearly all the Old Masters, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, and German. The pictures are hung in groups arranged according to the time and country in which they were painted. This makes the collection valuable to those who wish to study the history of art.

We see the "Ecstasy of Saint Anthony" by Murillo, the Spanish artist; Titian's portrait of his daughter; Correggio's "Jupiter and Io," and his "Head of Christ on a Handkerchief."

The New Museum, like the Old, has three floors devoted (in turn) to antique relics, to sculpture, and to paintings. We ascend a grand marble staircase, which rises the full height of the building, whence we may look down upon the noble hall of sculptures or examine the walls of the staircase, where are painted the famous frescoes by Kaulbach, a German artist. The frescoes depict events in the history of the human race.

The scenes belonging to different centuries are grouped separately. The group of the sixteenth century is a noble one. Here are Queen Elizabeth of England, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Angelo, Raphael, Dante, Cervantes, Columbus, Galileo, and others. The central figure is Martin Luther, who stands holding high above his head the open Bible, from which light

streams over all. Kaulbach spent nineteen years in painting these rare frescoes.

The National Picture Gallery, near the museum, contains the works of modern German artists. After viewing its collection and the Dom, or Cathedral



THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY—KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA

(which dates from 1750), we recross the Schloss Bridge to the Royal Library, which stands in the Opera Platz. This library contains over one million volumes and about sixteen thousand manuscripts.

We are shown Martin Luther's manuscript translation of the Bible—its first translation into a modern

language. Until Luther's time only learned folk could read the Bible. Here, too, is Gutenberg's Bible, the first book printed on movable types. Gutenberg invented printing with types in 1443. There seems no end to the treasures of this library, where students from the neighboring University come and go, and scholars sit poring over books at the long tables.

The Royal Opera House was built one hundred and fifty odd years ago by Frederick the Great. It seats almost two thousand people. One hears the best music of a music-loving people within its walls. The government believes that music and plays of the highest order are part of the people's education. So it aids the opera houses and theaters, keeping the prices of admission low. The army officers in Prussia are obliged to attend good plays, operas and concerts each month, for the purpose of improving their taste and of gaining refinement and culture.

For a good seat at the opera we pay seventy-five cents; at home such a seat would cost us two dollars or more. The performance begins at seven o'clock—in winter at half after six—and is over by ten o'clock, in time for the hearty German supper. People attend in ordinary street costumes, except on Sunday nights, when fine toilettes appear. Hats and wraps are always removed in a cloak room.

No whispering, laughing, or rustling of programmes occurs while music is being rendered. The Germans appreciate music too highly thus to disturb its performance. We attend one of the famous Philhar-

monic concerts in Berlin and notice the silent, close attention of the audience. Celebrated orchestras, violinists, and pianists may be heard at the Philharmonic concerts for from ten to twenty cents.

We enjoy a play at the Royal Theater, a fine building in the Schiller Platz. In front of the building is a statue of Schiller, the German dramatist. His drama of "William Tell" gives the story of that Swiss hero, and is still played on the stage by leading actors.

A pleasant evening may be passed in one of the many concert gardens, Vienna cafes, or concert halls found all over Berlin. Some are restaurants, full of hungry people, where orchestras give excellent music. The concert gardens are especially attractive. Under avenues of fine trees and within leafy arbors are tables surrounded by merry feasters. Electric lights in colored globes gleam by hundreds among the trees and gay music issues from some pavilion.

Whole families eat their supper in these open-air restaurants amid a merry clatter of cups and plates and a constant pounding of beer mugs. At the concert halls there is nearly always a restaurant attached where the audience may go, between scenes, to have a lunch or a *stein* (mug) of beer. Or tables may stand in the audience room itself, the families gathering about them, the women knitting lace, and the men smoking.

Eating seems the main business of half Berlin. In the basement of the City Hall is a really grand restaurant, called the Rathskeller, which is one hundred feet long. For working people there are cheap resorts known as the People's Kitchens, where a

plate of soup costs half a cent; a roll of bread, a fourth of a cent; while whole meals of cabbage, strong-smelling cheese, and beer are but five cents.

There are hundreds of "delicatessen shops" where dainties ready for the table are sold—puddings and cakes and other goodies, some baked in little porcelain jars pretty enough to make anything taste good.

We step into an "automatic restaurant," where no waiters appear. Long counters have upon shelves above them a display of eatables with the price of each dish marked on a card hung over it. We drop a coin into a slot machine, and a plate rises before us on the counter in some mysterious way. Other coins dropped into other slots produce bread, meat and vegetables. Still another coin opens a faucet which fills our coffee cup. The faucet moves by clockwork and will give but one cupful at a time.

We visit a meat market by mistake, thinking from its splendor that it must be a museum. It is in a huge iron and glass building, and has frescoed walls and marble tables and mosaic floors and potted plants, while the rosy-cheeked German girls who sell us a roast goose are as neat as can be. They wear the stiffest and whitest of caps and aprons, and do up our purchases in the tidiest of packages.

What displays there are of cooked meats, of sausages by the yard, and of hams—famous Westphalian hams from the little German state of Westphalia! Geese dangle their long necks from the racks like rows of fringe, for goose is a favorite dish with the Germans. There is everything one could wish for

in the meat line, except good American beefsteak.

We pass a baker's and see a serving-maid entering with a tray of unbaked bread and pudding. German housewives send their pastry to the bakers' ovens, as their kitchen stoves have ovens too small for baking.

We loiter up and down the streets, idly watching the people—Friedrich Strasse (or street), the longest in the city; and Leipsiger Strasse, crowded with great wholesale houses; and Wilhelm Strasse, the most fashionable street in Berlin. No. 77 Wilhelm Strasse was the home of Bismarck, a former Chancellor (or Prime Minister) of Germany.

Bismarck was called the Iron Chancellor because of his strong will. To his efforts was chiefly due the union of the German states into a great empire, with Prussia—his beloved "fatherland"—at its head. We are taken through the home of this famous old statesman, and are pleased to see in his study a picture of our own General Grant, whom Bismarck knew and admired.

One sight, common on these Berlin streets, surprises us—the toiling, overburdened women. Women shovel coal, peddle milk, load bricks, carry hods of mortar, clean streets, and act as porters from railway stations. All through Germany women are the most overburdened class of laborers.

Men walk the streets, hands free and pipes in mouths, leaving their wives, mothers, or sisters to carry the parcels, push the baby carriage, or stagger under great market baskets without help. Our American boys find it far from comfortable to have a

woman carry their heavy luggage from the trains while they follow at their ease.

We notice many orderly arrangements in Berlin which make life pleasanter. Here is an ambulance lodge, where people injured on the street may be cared for. These lodges are found at street corners, being easily discovered by their signs—a red cross painted on a white ground. They are fitted up with every convenience for treating cases of accidents.

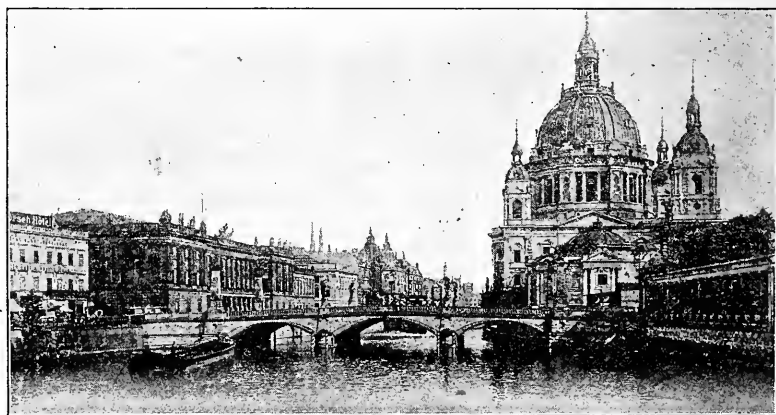
In Berlin advertisements do not disfigure buildings and walls. Little towers are erected on street corners to serve as bill boards. On them are pasted directories of important places in the city, announcements of theaters and concerts, and other information for the public.

The delivery of letters in Berlin is managed by the *Rohrpost*—meaning the *wind post*. A system of tubes forms a network all over the city. Through these tubes letters and postal cards are shot at a great speed by means of the pressure of the air. The tubes deliver mail to the various postoffice stations, whence postmen deliver it to the different houses.

Berlin's whole postoffice system is a model for all the world. In Leipsiger Strasse is the Royal Post Museum, where one may learn how mails have been delivered in every part of the world, from the earliest times. We see here figures of every kind of mail carrier, from carrier pigeons, arrows, Egyptian chariots, horseback riders, reindeer sleds, elephants and camels, up to models of swift North German Lloyd mail steamships and New York Central R. R. mail trains. The museum was founded by Dr.

Stephan, a Berlin gentleman who invented the postal card.

We go to the cemeteries to look upon the graves of illustrious artists, scientists, and musicians. Most graves are marked by iron crosses painted black, but here is one with a tombstone. A score of music and a verse are cut on the stone. This is the grave of Mendelssohn, the composer, whose home was in Berlin. We lay a wreath upon the grave, among the flowers



NEW CHURCH, BURG STREET, BERLIN.

left there by the many music students in Berlin who make pilgrimages to this spot.

Berlin has not many churches. As a rule the people belong to the Lutheran or to the Reformed Churches. Nearly two-thirds of the entire population of Germany are Protestants. About half a million people are Jews. The rest are largely Roman Catholics. South Germany is almost wholly Roman Catholic.

The Emperor William I. Memorial Church of Berlin is said to be the finest Protestant church in Germany. The Berlin Jewish synagogue is a splendid temple which seats five thousand people. It cost one and a half million dollars.

CHILD-LIFE IN GERMANY

The Germans are very friendly and cordial in their manner, and we enjoy greatly our visits with them, and the glimpses we obtain of their home life. They are quite curious about us and our homes and country and everything we do. They know little about America, and we are glad to answer their questions when we can.

In the apartment across the hall from our pension is a family that interests us much. There are boys of all ages and sizes, ever so many of them, and only one girl. The father is very fond and proud of his boys, but fears that when they grow up there will not be room or bread enough for all. Some of them must go to America.

The baby of this household is a quaint and most interesting little fellow. He is dressed in long clothes which are folded over at the end, outside of which a bandage is tightly bound, enclosing the arms and whole body.

Ribbons are wound around the child in different places and tied in bows in front. Nothing of the baby is visible but the face, for the head is covered by a cap. He can neither move nor kick—only eat, sleep and grow fat. German babies are almost always swaddled in this way. Why? For safety,

the mother tells us. If he falls, his little limbs are in no danger of being broken; he cannot scratch his face with his nails. Then, too, he may be placed on a chair or table or bench, like a package of goods, and need not be constantly watched.

The baby's four-year-old brother goes to kindergarten. There he is taught to say his prayers and the alphabet, to sing, repeat short poems, dress dolls, build with blocks, paint, draw, cut out, mould and model.

While very young he and his brothers learn about fairies and witches, wizards, giants and dwarfs. And they believe in them all. They can tell us more fables and folk-stories than any little boys in America. Germany is a land of story as well as of song.

The seven-year-old brother has just had a birthday, and with great pride exhibits the gifts received—a satchel for his books, with his name on the cover in large brass letters, a book, slate, pencils, a sponge box. All these tell us his school days are at hand. Had he been a strong little lad he would have started to school at six years of age.

The members of this household rise early, for the older children must be in school by seven o'clock in the morning—long before daylight in this northern land. It makes us shiver to think of it.

What a rush there is to be ready in time! The breakfast of coffee and rolls is eaten by candlelight, hurriedly and often while standing. The coffeepot and bread are placed upon the table by the maid, and each comer serves himself excepting the father,

who is waited upon by the mother or daughter. Little boxes or baskets of luncheon are prepared for the children to take to school and eat at recess time.

The boys carry their books and sometimes their dinners in a knapsack strapped upon their shoulders.



LITTLE BROTHER

They do not loiter by the wayside, you may be sure, for tardiness would be severely punished. These boys know little of cricket or baseball or football, for they have few opportunities for play. There is not much time left after study hours for games.

Long walks and gymnastics in school give them exercise. The principal outdoor amusements are soldiering in summer, and skating and sleighing in winter. The long winters give them all the coasting and tobogganing they want.

If a school day prove very warm the pupils are allowed a half-holiday. These are usually spent in making excursions to some point of interest—a palace or fort or wood or river.

One day we received an invitation to spend the day with our neighbors across the way. The daughter was to have a birthday—and a birthday in a German family is a most important occasion. It is a day of pleasure for all.

The boys' sister, Elsa, is a fair-faced, blue-eyed girl, with smooth, shining yellow hair and round rosy cheeks. She dresses very plainly and is shy and quiet and sedate. She knows how to knit and sew and darn and cook, and do all kinds of housework. She waits on her father and brothers almost as a servant would be expected to in our own country. And her mother does likewise. The father often has his meals first; the mother waits on him and eats afterward with Elsa and the boys.

Elsa is not petted or waited upon or made much of by her father and brothers, as a United States girl would be. The men and boys are always considered first in Germany. Girls are not thought so much of. This seems strange to us.

As soon as Elsa's schoolroom days are over her mother will place her in another household for a year, to learn lessons in housekeeping. A daughter of some

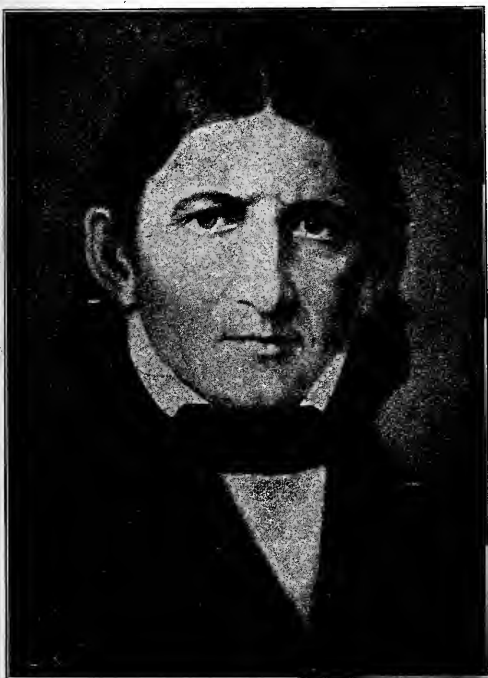
friend, relative or neighbor will take Elsa's place and learn from Elsa's mother what Elsa is learning in another home. The girls are thought to perform their duties more cheerfully and thoroughly in the homes of strangers, and it also hoped that they will get new ideas to take to their own homes.

Elsa's chief recreations are her "Little Garland" and her share in pleasure parties. The wreath or garland idea is a pretty one: Elsa and five friends of the same age meet once a week for tea and cake and talk

and sewing, at the home of each in turn. What is said within the circle is not to be repeated outside.

KINDERGARTEN AND SCHOOL LIFE

Germany is the home of the kindergarten. Friedrich Froebel, founder of these "Children's Gardens," was born in a village in the Thuringian Forest in 1782. His own early sufferings made him, all his



FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

life, eager to give happiness to little children. Froe-

bel's father was the pastor of several village churches—too busy to care for his own little family—and Froebel's mother died in his infancy.

The boy's uncle took care of him and sent him to school, but the lad was so quiet that people thought him a dunce. When he was fifteen years old, he was apprenticed to a forester, and spent two years in the Thuringian Forest, learning to love trees, plants, and all living things.

From the age of seventeen his life was one of change, poverty, and homelessness. For a time he studied at the University of Jena, the oldest university in Germany, but, being so very poor, was finally imprisoned for debt. Afterward he went from one place to another doing what work he could find.

He first taught school in Frankfort-on-the-Main. This proved to him that teaching was his special gift. He went to Yerdon, Switzerland, to learn teaching from Pestalozzi, the great Swiss teacher, and coming back to Germany, studied, worked, and waited, hoping to open a model school in his fatherland.

His first model school was opened at Keilhan in the Thuringian Forest, when he was thirty-six years old. The school won fame, but brought in so little money that Froebel and his helpers nearly starved. After a time he went to Switzerland, to open schools like the one at Kielhan. He taught Swiss teachers how to teach, and while thus working discovered that children up to the school age were quite as much in need of care and training as at any other time in their life.

Froebel thought the earliest years—from infancy to seven—important, and wrote a book in 1826 showing what training a child should then receive. This book, "The Education of Man," was his great work. His first kindergarten was opened in 1837 in the village of Blankenburg, near Keilhan. *Kindergarten* means "garden of children." He chose this name because he thought of the little ones as young plants which were cared for as if in a garden. This was his idea:

"In the kindergarten the children's employment should be *play*"; but any occupation in which children delight is play to them. They must have employment which not only delighted them but "strengthened their bodies, awakened their minds, and made them acquainted with nature and their fellow creatures."

Froebel worked for, lectured about, and wrote articles on kindergartens the rest of his life. He died in his seventy-first year without seeing his kindergarten idea accepted by the German people. Only since his death have these children's gardens been widely established. The Prussian government forbade the opening of kindergartens during Froebel's life; but now the best of these schools are found in Berlin.

We spend one morning in a Berlin kindergarten. It is a cheerful house, with blooming plants in the windows, birds singing in the gardens, and little people singing through the house. We begin with the baby room, where wee tots are happy with toys, and where a pretty young lady sings to them and tells them stories. Near by is the bath room, where the scrubbing and polishing of soiled little folk is making a great

stir, for many of these children are from very poor homes where even baths cannot be had.

Down this hall are rows of pleasant rooms with walls beautifully tinted and adorned with such pictures as children love—story pictures, and drawings of animals, birds, and flowers. In one room flower-gardening is the main business of a happy little company. Some are making fancy beds in sand trays, with tiny hoes and rakes. Some are filling pots with pansy plants, and some are watering the window boxes where pansies are already blooming.

In other rooms the children are weaving mats of colored paper, or sewing tiny quilt patches, or dressing dolls, or playing games. There is a wonderful game in which each child is a bird and has to sing and flop his wings and fly about in a circle. There are no "teachers," for this is not a school. The lovely young ladies in charge are called "children gardeners" (kindergarteners). There is a real flower garden outside, where each child old enough to care for it has his own plot of ground and raises his own pansies.

From here we go to visit a Housekeeping School for poor girls. In it girls are trained for domestic service. There are so few signs of poverty in Berlin that we wonder where the very poor live. We never see a beggar in Germany. Begging is forbidden by law. We are told that the basement and garret stories of the large apartment houses shelter Berlin's poor. Hidden away in dark, cold rooms of these high buildings one may find misery and suffering. The Housekeeping School is one of many charities established to help these unfortunate ones. Here the young girls

are taught every kind of household duty, with lessons in common school branches besides.

The law compels every child between the ages of six and fourteen to attend school—private or public, and private schools must be good, for the government inspects them all. Germany has schools for teaching every profession, art, handicraft, trade and occupation. Boys are better educated than girls. Germans think that a girl's best education is a housewife's training—instruction in cooking, sewing, and mending. But boys are crammed with knowledge, and what they do not learn in school they learn afterward in the army, for every able-bodied male German must serve two years in the standing army. How these German lads do toil and moil at books!

Here is a baby boy going to school in a push cart. He is but two years old, but the kindergarten has a course of study for him—a course in doll playing and toys. He must learn to be pleasant and not cry when he wants things, and later on he must learn Bible stories and little songs.

At the age of six he starts to school, where he stays until he is fourteen. At school he must "walk chalk" in deportment and know his lessons well, for German schoolmasters are strict and so well educated themselves that they will not endure careless work from their pupils.

A school recess of twenty minutes is given about ten o'clock each morning, for the second breakfast. Poor children in the city schools are given free lunches. Our boy munches his bread and butter sandwich in a hurry, and gets a chance to play a game or two with

the rest of the fellows, while the teachers take their second breakfast around a big table in their lunch room. City schools have baths, and lunch rooms, and even a physician in attendance, to see to any pupil who needs his care.

Pleasant spots in this life of hard study are the long out-door school excursions always made by German teachers and their pupils. They tramp through field and forest, and climb hills, and ford streams, studying their botany and geology and other nature lessons.

When our boy finishes his long high-school course and passes the difficult examinations with credit, he finds that excellence in school grades has freed him from all but one year's service in the army. This one year of army service is fine training. Our boy learns to carry himself well—back flat, head up, and step firm. He must obey orders to the letter, be on time, rough it without complaint, keep his temper, and show industry and courage. Besides he goes on long marches, and, moving from place to place, sees more of his country.

At the end of his army year he enters the University at Berlin or Heidelberg, or Halle, or any one of the twenty-two which exist in the fatherland. In the university he may if he chooses stay the rest of his life, finding fresh subjects of study each year, and passing harder and harder examinations. But perhaps he decides to become a physician. He is now twenty-six years old and has been working long in the university. Still, he must enter a new school—the School of Medicine—and drudge away for five

years more, preparing to pass a difficult government examination.

At the age of thirty-one our boy begins to practice medicine. He is quite elderly, is he not, to be beginning life? But Germans do not get an early start in their life work; they have so much preparing to do beforehand. People now call our boy *Herr Doktor*, and pay him—what they please. German physicians do not send in bills. Patients pay their doctors once a year whatever they think a fair amount.

A German girl's school history is more briefly told. Our boy's sister, Elsa, goes to school later in the morning and comes home earlier. Boys and girls are in separate school buildings. Elsa studies less mathematics than her brother, but she learns to knit, sew, embroider, and darn, until her sample pieces displayed at a school examination, look like art work.

By and by Elsa will go to the High School—the *Girls' High School*—and study French, English, history, and the masterpieces of German literature. The glories of the Fatherland—its history, art, literature, heroes—that is what every German boy and girl must know.

And they must all know how to sing Luther's hymns, which the sturdy old monk composed for his beloved German people; and the grand old chorals of other German masters; and the folk-songs, and patriotic songs dear to every German heart. It is a pleasure to hear these German school children sing, for theirs is real music, full of sweetness and melody. They can sing us any number of songs.

Would you like to know something of the daily life of the sons of Emperor William II? These princes do not have any easier lot than falls to other German children. The older boys are under military disci-



THE EMPEROR, EMPRESS AND FAMILY

pline. The younger sons live at Potsdam and have their lessons there.

They rise at 6 o'clock and are allowed but a quarter of an hour in which to wash and dress. From 6:20 to 7:20 they have their first lesson; then their breakfast of milk and coffee and buttered rolls, with a boiled egg every other day.

At 7:35 they start for the hunting-box at Linstedt, one on a bicycle, another on a tricycle, and the youngest walking with the governess. There they study from 8 to 10 o'clock. At 10 they have another breakfast of sandwiches and fruit and a glass of water with a little wine in it; this they must eat while walking around the table, to keep their digestion in order.

They study from 10:20 to 1, when they return to the new palace at Potsdam and have dinner. This consists of soup, fish, and roast with preserves. Every third day a sweet dish is added to the bill of fare. On holidays only are they allowed to drink wine, or to have bon-bons. From 3 to 4 they study; then comes the swimming lesson, which usually lasts till 6, and is the most pleasant part of the day. At 7 they have supper, consisting of cold meats and sandwiches. At 7:30 or 8 they are sent to bed.

Now how would you like to exchange places with a German Prince?

HOLIDAYS

In many parts of Germany every saint's day is a school holiday. At Christmas ten days are allowed for recreation and rest. And very busy days they are. A fair is always held before Christmas, and the children have fair-money given them with which to purchase gifts and add to the decoration of the Christmas tree.

They begin very early to get ready for Christmas in Germany. Many weeks beforehand the making of clothing for the poorer children begins. Then comes a "distribution" day, when these little children march in and receive their presents of clothing, for which they are very grateful.

There are many very poor people in Germany, though we do not see any beggars. They live away up in the highest tenement houses, with little fire, the poorest of food and scanty clothing. If it were not for the kind hearts of their more fortunate neighbors at Christmas time they would have a hard struggle to live at all.

Many are unable to secure work, or food and clothing for themselves, and the law forbids them to beg, so numbers of them are driven to other lands to find homes.

About a week before Christmas the marketplaces are given up to the sale of Christmas gifts and ornaments. This they call Christ-Market, for the German people teach the children that all Christmas gaiety is because Christ was born, and that he always remembers the little ones and sends them gifts.

All of the squares and many of the streets are turned into miniature cedar forests, for thousands of ever-green trees, fastened in little wooden supports, are brought to Berlin from Thuringia, where their growth is a regular business. Every family, rich or poor, manages to have a tree.

The dolls are taken from the attics and sent to the doll-doctor, who mends the broken heads and arms and legs, and sends them home almost as good as new. The toys, and doll houses, and castles, and playthings of all kinds are brought out and painted or freshened so as to be ready for the holidays.

The children write and give to their parents a list of presents they would like to have. Just before Christmas a rather alarming looking individual, dressed

oddly, and carrying a great bag and a bunch of twigs, comes to the house. He stamps about, stick in hand, and demands to know if the children have been good and said their prayers. If the answer is "yes", their chances for Christmas presents are good; if not, a stick from this bunch of twigs is supposed to be used as a penalty.

If the children have deserved reward, the big bag is opened, and quantities of nuts are thrown about; the children scramble for them and a general good time follows. This yearly visitor is usually some friend of the family and is known as "Ruprecht."

There is something else that each little German boy and girl has at Christmas time, and that is *Pfeffer Kuchen*. It is a sort of spice cake with nuts in it, and is made in all sorts of shapes. There are large squares and stars and circles, cows, pigs, horses, and elephants.

Every child must eat of this, and so they plan all the year to get enough money to buy it. They save all their spare pfennigs (one-fourth of a cent) and give them to the baker, who will bake this cake at Christmas. He gives credit to each child for this money and at Christmas the children are sure of this cake of the season, of which there are three varieties according to quality and cost. Think of eating a "first," "second," or "third" class cake!

Christmas Eve in a German household is a most touching as well as beautiful sight. At a given signal the door leading into the festal room is thrown open, while the family, including the servants, enter and circle round the table on which stands the brilliant tree, singing "Heilige-Nacht" (Holy Night), one of

the most beautiful hymns ever written; while even the air breathes out a Christmas perfume owing to a twig of the tree having been intentionally burned before the door was opened.

The children gather around the tree, while their father tells them the story of the babe who was born in Bethlehem so many years ago, the Christ-Child whose birthday we celebrate. Then the gifts are taken off the tree, and each child gives something to father and mother, if it is only a paper bookmark or a pretty card. Children must all give their parents something, if ever so simple. Little kindergarten children give something they have made for them at school, and those who are old enough write little verses for their parents on illuminated paper beautifully decorated with pictures.

The curtains are not put down in these German houses on Christmas Eve, so that a visitor may walk about the streets and look inside the homes where all this happy celebration is going on. These trees are kept over till New Year's, when they are lighted up again and the windows are again left so that everybody outside may enjoy the home festivities. In some parts of Germany it is the custom, on the morning before Christmas, to have a figure representing the Christ-Child go past the window of the room where the children lie asleep. They wake, perhaps, in the early light, and fall asleep again, thinking they have seen the Christ-Child.

In Germany, Santa Claus's helpers are the godfathers. All the little German children go to their godfather's house, and there they find a small manger

cradle with a Christ-Child in it, and gifts for every child. In one part of Germany the people bind a great wheel with straw, and take it to the top of a hill by the river, where they set fire to it and start the blazing wheel down the hillside. The children watch eagerly to see if Santa Claus remembers them and guides their wheel safely down the hill to the river.

The week after Christmas is a gay one. There are doll parties and dinners and christenings, and plays at the theater, and concerts, till New Year's Day has come and gone. Then the large toys and doll houses and furniture are sent to the attic to wait for another Christmas to roll around.

Easter is a holiday almost equal to the Christmas season. For days before, the children hang about the shop windows, gazing with eager eyes at the cunning rabbits and nests of eggs. There are eggs of every color and size; eggs made of sugar and of chocolate, of soap, of glass, of wood and of china; eggs tied with ribbons and eggs decorated with pictures.

In the marketplace one can buy hard-boiled eggs, and candy lambs and goats, chickens and horses. But here we find more hares than in any other country. The children believe that the Easter hares bring the colored eggs. So at Easter they make nests of moss and twigs, which they hide in the house or garden. On Easter morning they rise very early to see what the Easter hare has brought them. They find not only colored egg shells, but sugar, and wooden, and china eggs, and sometimes egg-shaped boxes or baskets filled with candy. Families have little gath-

erings and exchange mementos. Great quantities of cake are consumed, and everyone is gay and glad, for it is the welcome to spring. There is great rejoicing that the long, cold winter has passed.

THE ARMY AND NAVY

Playing soldier is a favorite game with German boys. Often we see coming down some street a little troop of small boys marching in fine order, with flags flying and drum beating. Astride a stick is their officer, who copies the airs of a real army commander. Very likely the lad will be a real officer some day, for every German boy must have his period of soldiering.

Every male German able to bear arms must serve in the standing army from his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year. If the country needs him he may have to enlist at the age of eighteen. Two years of his army service (shortened to one for excellence in high-school studies) must be spent "with the colors," that is, in real service.

Every year about four hundred thousand young fellows in Germany arrive at the age of twenty. Not all of them are needed; so the proper number are chosen by lot. These are taken to the barracks in the different towns by train-loads. Each is given five suits of clothing, two for daily use and three for festive occasions. They live in barracks and are allowed four cents a day for table (mess) expenses, and one and two-fifths pounds of bread.

When marching, each wears his best suit, with a tin tag on his collar to show who he is, in case of ac-

cident. Besides his full knapsack, he carries a roll of bandages; and he used to have a hymn-book sewed into his blouse.

German soldiers are finely trained. Frederick the Great taught the world how to form and drill armies, and ever since his day Prussia has had the best-disciplined troops in the world. Each autumn the whole army is put through mock battles—called army maneuvers—on a great plain south of Berlin. The emperor acts as general-in-chief and has with him distinguished visitors from different countries.

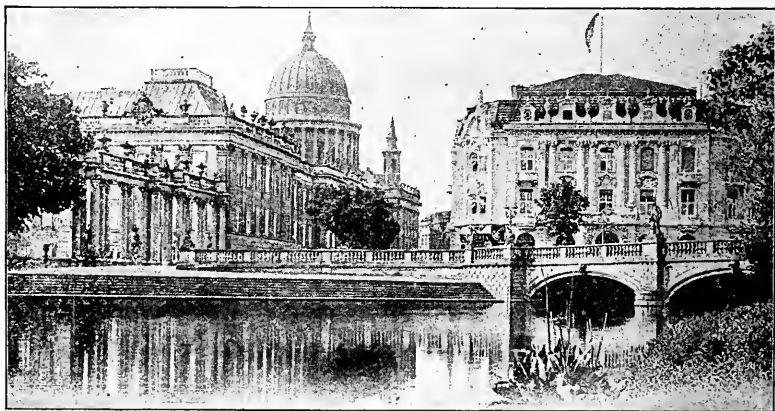
The maneuvers of 1902 called about ninety thousand soldiers into the field. In time of peace the standing army is composed of six hundred thousand men and nearly twenty-five thousand officers; and there are over one hundred thousand army horses, splendid animals, spirited and intelligent—no finer can be seen elsewhere.

The German navy ranks fifth among the navies of the world, England's navy being first. But Emperor Wilhelm II. has set about building up a strong navy; and he is a man who always finishes what he begins. At present there are twenty-three thousand men and twenty-seven battleships and cruisers. New battleships and armored cruisers are being built from time to time, and more boys are being trained at the naval schools.

We shall visit the Naval Academy at Kiel, north of Hamburg, in time, and see some of the battleships. Both army and navy are equipped with the famous Krupp guns, which are made in the town of Essen, in Western Germany.

POTSDAM

Sixteen miles southwest of Berlin is the little city of Potsdam—the summer residence of the kings of Prussia. It is called the “Prussian Versailles,” because, like the French town, it is a city of royal palaces, with vast parks and gardens. In Potsdam are the palaces of Babelsburg, the Marble Palace, the New Palace, the Old Schloss, and Sans Souci. Most of them are full of memorials of Frederick the Great.



SUMMER PALACE OF THE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM

The boyhood of Frederick the Great was unhappy. His father, King Frederick William I., was a man of violent temper, tyrannical and cruel. Once Frederick was even condemned to death by the hard old man, but was saved by neighboring rulers, who persuaded the king to pardon his son. Later in life, the old king grew proud of his son and foresaw that Frederick would win fame as a ruler and soldier.

Many tales are told to show the people's love for Frederick the Great; for though he too had a bad temper, he was not a tyrant like his father, and while he sometimes aroused the anger of his subjects, their forgiveness was easily won. One day he was riding along a street in Berlin when he came upon a crowd of people who were looking upward at a picture posted high above their heads. Frederick ordered his groom to learn what the picture was.

"They have something posted up about your Majesty," reported the groom; and he explained that it was a comic picture representing the king as an unjust collector of taxes. Frederick had recently angered his people by his new tax system.

"Hang the picture lower," ordered Frederick, riding on, "hang it lower, that the people need not hurt their necks looking up at it."

His order was repeated to the crowd, and won their hearts back to Old Fritz. Up went their hats, with loud shouts, while the picture was torn into shreds.

In Potsdam is a windmill with a story to it. Frederick the Great thought this windmill an unpleasing object—it was a shabby old affair—and ordered its owner to remove it. The owner refused to do so. He would not destroy his property to please even the king. Frederick reminded him that the king had power to have it destroyed; but the owner replied that he would take the matter to law, for was not Prussian law more powerful than the king? This sturdy defence of his rights by the owner so pleased Frederick that he gave the man money to improve

his windmill, and to this day it is kept in repair in memory of the great king's defeat by his subject.

Babelsburg Palace, situated in an extensive park, beside a lovely lake, is a modern villa. The Marble Palace is built largely of marble, and is full of rich furniture, ornaments, relics, and rare pictures. The "New Palace" was built by Frederick the Great at the end of the Seven Years' War to prove to his enemies that the war had not left him in poverty.

Its most notable apartment is the grotto room, built circular in shape to resemble a grotto, and having the floor and curved walls inlaid with sea shells, crystals, metals, stalactites, and brilliant-hued gems. Rock-crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling and, when lighted, make the room blaze with splendor.

The Old Schloss of Potsdam is over two hundred and fifty years old. It was the home of Frederick the Great and his testy royal father, and is crowded with souvenirs of the past—paintings, porcelains, bronzes, suits of armor, tapestries, books, all of rare value. The Old Schloss would be a good place to study Prussian history.

In the rooms of Frederick the Great we see cases full of French books; for he talked and wrote in French, always declaring that he hated the German language. Here are his flute, his piano, and music stand, in a room where many a concert was given to some brilliant group of friends. Frederick gathered about him the great people of his day—musicians, authors, and artists.

A little room adjoining his bed-chamber was often the scene of midnight banquets to which he invited

only intimate friends. In order to have these feasts quite private, undisturbed even by servants, he had a table built on a platform which, worked by a secret spring, would disappear through the floor to regions below, to reappear presently all set with viands. After each course the table made its mysterious trip down through the floor, while the guests remained seated, to await its return. The walls of this room are very thick, made thus to protect his company from eavesdroppers. The great man loved dogs, and permitted them to race about the palace unchecked. We see the torn silken curtains, and marks of claws on the furniture, which remain to prove the dogs' romplings.

When an old man Frederick presented to George Washington a Prussian sword of honor, with this saying, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

The famous Sans Souci Palace is a building but one story high and of no special beauty. Its name was given by Frederick the Great and means "free from care." Here he lived almost constantly after the palace was built in 1746, and here he died August 17, 1786. The palace stands high above a series of terraces with long flights of stairs leading from the lawn below. A magnificent park surrounds it. Walks wind beneath the oaks, beeches, firs, and laurels. Pavilions, fountains, summer houses, statuary, lakes, flower gardens, and stretches of soft turf make the park beautiful; some say that it is second to none in Europe.

In the Garrison Church of Potsdam is the tomb

of Frederick the Great. One enters a vault just under the pulpit and sees standing on the floor two plain caskets, the smaller containing the body of Frederick, the larger that of his father. Frederick's sword once rested upon his casket, but Napoleon carried it away when he visited the vault during



WINDMILL AT POTSDAM NEAR THE OLD PALACE OF THE EMPEROR

his occupation of Berlin. Looking upon the casket, Napoleon is said to have remarked thoughtfully: "Hadst thou lived, Frederick, I should never have been here"—a great general's tribute to one greater than he.

MARTIN LUTHER'S HOME

We must not leave Northern Germany without a glimpse of the little old town of Wittenberg, once the home of Martin Luther. Every tourist wishes to see it, and thousands visit it every year.

Who is this Martin Luther? If we were to ask that of a German child he would look at us in amazement. He would think we ought to know all about this wonderful man, because the work he did has helped the people of other countries, as well as Germany. Here the festivals with which the people celebrate his birthday are the greatest festivals of the year, or the century. His name and memory are loved and honored more than those of any great man in German history.

Everywhere we go, we see, or hear, or are reminded of Luther. In the shops are Luther pictures, and memorials, and relics. In the streets are statues erected in his honor. In the churches and schools and homes we hear the Bible he translated and the hymns he wrote. We hear Luther's lectures, and sermons and stories and songs without number. Almost every family in Northern Germany has his picture, and every child has a book telling the story of his life; and a very interesting story it is, too.

There is not time to tell it all here. We can only glance at a few of the pages, before we visit the places this man has made famous, because of the seasons he passed in them.

Four hundred and nineteen years ago, we learn, Martin Luther was born. He was a little peasant boy with weak health but a fine, musical voice and

a thirst for knowledge. His parents were poor, so he was obliged to fight his way to learning.

He sang and played his flute upon the streets and saved the pennies that were dropped into his hat, to pay his way. But his sweet voice made friends for him, who helped him to secure the education he so desired. He studied hard in the universities to fit himself to be a lawyer, but decided afterward to devote his life to the church, and therefore became a monk.

After many years spent in preparation, in the universities and monasteries, he went to Wittenberg to teach and to preach. He was a fine teacher, and during the time he was professor at Wittenberg, drew seventy thousand students from all parts of Europe.

But it was as a minister that he became known to all the world. After a time he grew dissatisfied with the forms and practices of his church, the church of Rome, and attempted to introduce a simpler and what seemed to him a better form of worship. Many of the German people accepted his teachings and so was established the German Lutheran Church—a Protestant church.

When Luther first became a priest the people knew little of the Bible. They could not read Latin, the language in which it was printed. He translated it into the German tongue so that all might read for themselves. He gave to Germany a fixed language. Different dialects were spoken in the different provinces. In translating the Bible he used the German tongue in a way that all could under-

stand. With the spread of the Bible this speech became the speech of the people.

He was also the founder of church music. Before his time little music was heard in the churches. He loved music and believed that the singing of sacred songs would do much good. So he wrote many hymns, and arranged the Psalms with music.

He was the founder of the general educational system of public schools. These did not exist when he was a boy. He planned them, wrote and talked of them, and helped to get them started. The study of the Bible in the schools was a part of his plan, and this is still kept up in Germany.

Many other things Luther did for the world, and the German people feel very grateful to him. And now we look about the town of Wittenberg with fresh interest. We visit the university where he taught, the rooms he once occupied, the church where he preached and his last resting place. His grave is beneath the floor of the old castle church, with a slab to show where his ashes lie.

In the marketplace of the town is a beautiful statue representing him. In his hand is an open Bible. His face is turned as though he would speak to us of this book. If we were to visit Wittenberg on his birthday, the 10th of November, we should find this marketplace thronged, and processions of school children, with flowers, wreaths and flags, marching through the streets singing Luther's chorals.

From thousands of throats we should hear that grand old Battle Hymn—the best of all the hymns he wrote:—

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

There were many who did not approve of Luther's teachings, and he was finally banished from Wittenberg and took refuge in Saxony, in the Castle Wartburg, near the town of Eisenach. It is but



LUTHER'S BEDROOM AT WARTBURG

a three-hours' ride from Berlin, and long before we reach the town we see the castle towering on the heights above it. In those long-ago days of Luther it would not have been an easy matter to reach this castle, and Luther was safe from his enemies while there.

It is a grand old fortress, with its noble gateway, its towers of defence, its mighty ramparts, the palaces within its walls, its courts, baths and stables; but the part most interesting to us is the Luther room, just as it was when this brave Christian knight left it. Here he toiled day and night for months translating the Bible for his people. We should like to linger a time in this room, with its worn wooden floor, table, bookcase, porcelain stove, and pictures; but we must hurry on.

THE SPREEWALD, AND OTHER FORESTS

South of Berlin is the wild and Holland-like Spreewald, or Spree Forest, an extensive tract of woodland where the river Spree divides into more than two hundred branches, which are connected by numerous canals. Thus all the roads of the Spreewald are waterways. One travels from village to village by boat, in winter on skates. This makes the region look like a bit of Holland, or "a Venice of farms and country inns."

The people of the Spreewald are Vends, descendants of an ancient race which fled to this swampy land for safety from their enemies. They have turned the swamps into farm lands, and preserved their forests by constant planting.

They still speak the curious Vendish tongue, and have retained many of their ancient customs. They believe in fairies, demons, witches, and water-nixies, and celebrate their weddings, christenings, and religious holidays with the oddest of mummeries and pranks.

They are a fine-looking people, far handsomer than their German cousins. The women still wear their quaint Vendish costumes of short full kirtle, great horned cap, and any quantity of necklaces and brooches. The men, mingling more with the outer world while in the army, are more modern in manners and dress.

We hire a punt (or small flat boat) and make a tour through this queer, delightful old forest. We pass by farmhouses, where storks' nests are built on the steep mossy roofs, and where barns are stacked with hay, and meadows are starred with flowers, and farmyard pools have families of ducks and geese floating on their surfaces.

As our boatman poles the boat down stream we meet many boats coming and going through these quiet water lanes—a woman poling a punt-load of carrots and cabbages; a boat full of school children singing and laughing; and many a little craft laden with farm laborers, or village folk—all gliding past us beneath the leafy canopy of the trees, while reedy swamps, and banks of willows, and vine-hung cottages are to be seen on either side.

As night falls the magpies cease chattering in the trees and the raven's croak is silent. Then the cuckoos begin to call to their mates, and the nightingale sings its sweetest song. We stay a night in a village inn which is over a hundred years old. The village has narrow cobblestone paths, and quiet water-alleys where boats are moored to moss-grown landings, and a church which is a relic of ages long past. There are houses wreathed in vines, with

thatched roofs and storks' nests, or finer homes with tiled roofs and high stoops and tiny windows. In the whole of Germany there is no more inviting spot than the Spreewald.

The forests of Prussia cover one-fifth of its whole surface. All Germany is well wooded, but the chief forest regions are along the Rhine and the Elbe. In the entire empire there are about thirty-five million acres of forest land. All the states of the empire provide for forest lands by careful cutting of old trees and planting of young ones. We see acres of tiny trees but a few inches high; other plantations where the trees are no higher than our heads; and still others of lusty fellows just ready for the sawmill.

These German forests are plowed, irrigated, and cared for as carefully as are the fields. Oak, beech, chestnut and fir are the chief varieties of trees to be seen. Foresters are employed by the government and are men who have been trained in schools of forestry. Each large state has a school of forestry, with a course of training extending through five years. After passing the examinations of the school, a boy must spend five years as an apprentice, working for almost no pay, but still learning, before he can be appointed a forester by the government.

Germans love forest life and know no finer outing than a stay in the woods—which they prefer to the mountains or sea coast. Walking clubs are numerous in Germany; so one finds wayside inns, good paths, shelter houses, and roadside benches in all the old forests where excursionists are common, and in every region of interest besides.

FARM LANDS AND VILLAGES

North Germany is a lowland plain sloping northward, and is crossed by several large rivers—the Vistula, Oder, Elbe, and Rhine—and by a network of canals connecting these rivers. The land along these waterways is very fertile. We take many a tramping tour through the farm lands of North Germany, and discover that agriculture is the leading occupation of the people, and that rye is the chief crop raised. One-fourth of all the soil tilled in Prussia is occupied by rye, for this furnishes the bread of the country.

With knapsacks on our backs we tramp along a high-road looking across rye fields, orchards of apple, plum and cherry trees, acres on acres of potatoes (which are used both for food and for the distilling of spirits), and now and then wide fields of oats, wheat, barley, maize, and hops. The hops are used for making beer.

The whole country looks like one vast field, for there are no fences. Corner stones or plowed furrows mark the divisions between farms. No trespassing upon one's neighbor's ground or thieving of fruit from his orchard ever occurs in Germany. Either the people are too honest to do so or they dare not. School children will pass trees laden with ripe fruit and never lift a hand to gather what is not their own.

Women and girls do heavy farm work. We see them hoeing, cutting with scythes, trundling great wheelbarrows full of manure, and packing heavy bundles of hay on their backs.

Sometimes we pass an old farmhouse of sun-burned wood. It has a high, steep roof of red tiles, with the usual stork's nest among the chimneys. Storks are welcome to these German house roofs, and are so well treated that they are quite tame even with children. When a child is born, people say that a stork brought the little one.

Below the tiled roof are small latticed windows and much carving of scrolls and texts or verses on the heavy timbers of the eaves and gables. Creepers trail over the high stoops, and flowers bloom in the windows. Yellow-haired children playing about the door stare at us curiously. In an upper window we sometimes see a white-haired grandmother at her spinning-wheel, or she sits in the doorway knitting.

German women knit without ceasing. Here comes one down the road, knitting a long stocking. On her back is a large basket of produce. Her head is bare, her face careworn, her feet clad only in wooden shoes, while her short full skirt of homespun does not reach her ankles. A baby's face peeps from the vegetable basket—a tiny infant done up in a case like an Indian papoose. It is tucked among the vegetables like a new kind of carrot, and has much the shape of a carrot, for swaddling clothes bind its limbs straight.

Here is a goose-girl watching her flock—and knitting; and here is a woman harnessed to a milk cart in company with a dog, knitting as she trudges along to the village. We see a pig-herd and a shepherd with his crook, but they are smoking long-necked pipes. East Prussia is famous for horses; southern

and western Prussia for swine; north Prussia (in Pomerania) for great flocks of geese; and all Prussia for its sheep.



SISTINE MADONNA IN THE GALLERY AT DRESDEN.

BEET CULTIVATION

We pass fields of sugar beets where hundreds of men, women and children are at work. Germany stands foremost in the production of beet sugar,

making almost two million tons a year and having four hundred and forty factories for its manufacture.

Sugar beets are cultivated somewhat like turnips. Seed is sown in rows which are half a yard apart. When the young beets come up thick the rows must be thinned by hand, leaving the plants seven or eight inches apart. This work is the hardest part of beet culture. Whole families are hired for the weeding and thinning labor, so that the fields are alive with toilers. After this the acres of beets look as well kept as a flower garden.

Later in the season come plowing and hoeing, and by September or October the harvest begins. Plows made for the purpose are drawn between the rows to loosen the beets from the soil. The laborers then go through the fields pulling out the plants, cutting off the tops with knives, and heaping the roots and tops in separate piles. Often the roots are loaded at once upon flat cars and taken to the bee-tsugar factories before trimming the tops.

At the factories the beets are trimmed, washed, crushed to a pulp, and the juice soaked out by draining water through the pulp—a process not easy to understand and requiring much machinery. Nine pounds of roots yield a pound of raw sugar, which is then refined by different processes. The “leavings” from the sugar are made into molassès, the pulp is pressed into cakes for cow feed, and the tops are used for fertilizing. The sugar supply of the world is mostly beet sugar.

A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

We come to an inn which is the first house of a sleepy little village straggling along a country road. The inn is built of a stucco made of clay and cobblestones, with a projecting upper story of heavy old timbers browned by the sun for a hundred years. The roof is gray with age, and the little windows are set in walls so thick that they look like parts of a fortress. On the weather-stained signboard is carved the picture of a jolly group with beer mugs.

The landlord ushers us into an ancient wood-paneled dining room where a fat German army officer is dining at a little table. He rises, makes a stiff bow in honor of the ladies in our party, and returns to his dinner, giving us no further attention.

We order a meal and while it is preparing explore the village. The road forms its one street, being roughly cobbled right across from house to house. The cottages look like toys, with their thatched roofs, odd gables, vine-wreathed doors, and small windows. Geese cackle about the dooryard, where children, pigs, and hens are mixed up together; and the housewives all come out on their funny little stoops to gaze at us.

We see no church, for it is the custom to have but one church for several villages, thus making possible a larger building and congregation for the pastor. But we find the schoolhouse. We hear the droning of boys' voices and rap at the door.

The schoolmaster is proud to show his school to visitors from far-off America. He asks us what we wish to hear. Arithmetic? Very well—he puts his

boys through a drill so hard and long that we open our eyes. Country schools in America do no such work as this. Then the boys sing for us—Martin Luther's glorious old hymn, "Ein' feste Burg":

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing."

We think this Luther hymn sung by German schoolboys the sweetest music we have heard in the Fatherland. Then comes "America" or what we take to be "America," but find it is the tune only; the words are their own, "Hail, Kaiser to Thee."

The villagers come out to see us return to the inn. People stand in front of their houses, bowing respectfully and wishing us "Guten Tag." To these simple folk we are great sights, being from the wonderful America to which so many of their friends have emigrated. The landlord takes us to his daughter's house, the best home in the village. All the family shake our hands and bid us "Wilkommen!"—for are we not from the very American city where the son of the house now lives?

We are seated on the sofa in the little parlor—the place of honor. The sofa is reserved for distinguished guests. There is a porcelain stove, and a Bible according to Luther's translation, and a picture of the emperor on the walls, and so much else to be seen that we are glad to be shown the whole house. The bed rooms are stuffy and dark, with bunks built against the walls for beds.

The kitchen is a gem of a room—wood-paneled with tiny latticed windows, and shelves of brightly polished brassware, porcelain jugs and jars, and

rare old china cups and plates. Everything is clean and shining. Even the hooks on which hang mugs and pitchers are decorated with little ribbon bows. We should like to put this house—indeed this whole village—into our trunks and take it home to hang on a Christmas tree among other toys for the children.

THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

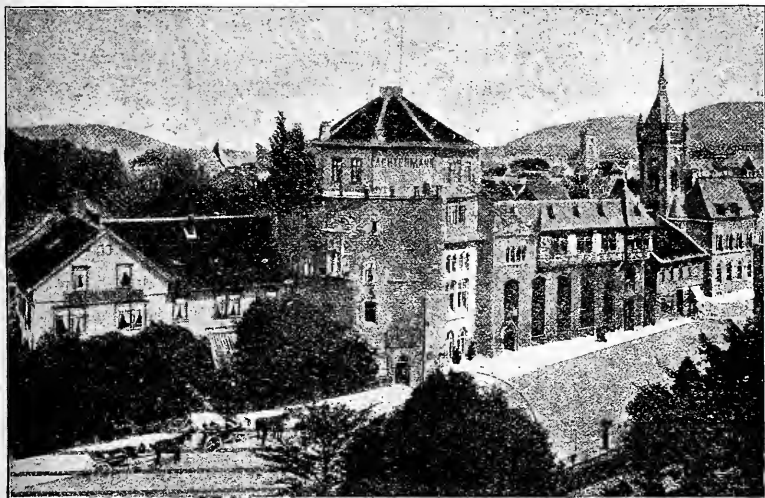
A foot tour through the Harz Mountains shows us this most famous birthplace of fairy tales, superstitions and legends. The Harz is a short range of mountains in northwestern Germany, forming a watershed between the Elbe and Weser rivers. The highest peak is the Brocken, which rises three thousand, seven hundred and forty feet above sea level. The Upper Harz, lying west of the Brocken, is more elevated, with a colder climate than that of the Lower Harz.

The scenery is beautiful, the air wholesome, and the mountain-climbing is just difficult enough to be attractive. So tourists throng the region in summer, wandering in the pine forests, climbing heather-covered hills, and drinking beer at the many inns of the various resorts.

There are forty towns, many villages, and numerous wayside resorts in this picturesque region. We see quaint old towns full of curious relics; ancient houses built of wood and stone, with high-pitched gables ornamented with odd carvings, and lattices over which vines grow; their time-stained doors are as solid as those of a prison, having brass door-knockers, shaped in the form of satyrs and dragons and dolphins

These villages, also, look like toys, with their little cottages, their cows, sheep, goats, herdsmen, charcoal burners, yellow-haired children, their cobbled streets, and their background of green hills and wooded uplands. There are plenty of good carriage roads, railways, hotels, gardens, cafes, summer villas, and such modern conveniences in the Harz, besides.

But we leave these modern resorts, to visit the



TOWN IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

villagers. Most of these humble folk work in the mines or quarries, or are charcoal burners. Raising canary birds is a great industry here. Nearly every house is full of cages and nests with little birds twittering in a chorus. These sweet songsters are sold even in foreign lands. Sometimes the Harz canary birds travel away to America.

The rich mines of the Harz are not worked as they have been in past years, but they still yield iron, lead, zinc, copper, arsenic, and some silver. Formerly gold was mined in large quantities. Near the town of Goslar is a mine which has been worked eight hundred years, yielding both gold and silver, besides the other minerals.

The quarries yield granite, porphyry, slate, marble, and alabaster. Germany abounds in useful minerals. Coal and iron come from the province of Silesia, and from the kingdom of Saxony; zinc is found in Silesia and other parts of Prussia, which is the foremost country in the world in the production of zinc. There are rich iron ore fields in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, and rich copper mines in Saxony.

We explore the caves and grottoes, the rocky heights and shaded valleys, where the witches are said to meet, or where legend locates some well-known scene. A railway up the Brocken takes us to the very headquarters of witchery. On the summit of the Brocken the hobgoblins, some say, hold a carnival on "Walpurgis night"—the eve of May-day.

Here, too, we are shown the great granite blocks called the Witches' Altar, and the Devil's Pulpit. The Harz peasants still believe the Brocken haunted by specters, and put signs on their houses to protect themselves from evil spells. During Walpurgis week they stay indoors, afraid to venture forth at night, while the children fear to cry aloud lest a bogie or hobgoblin carry them off.

The "Brocken specter" is a strange appearance

of real objects which are seemingly enlarged by their reflection against a wall of vapor that at times rises from the valleys below. At such a time a human being sees his reflection in the vapor as large as a



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

giant, while huts and rocks are also huge in size.

We see the scene of the Maiden's Leap, a chasm enclosed by steep cliffs, Across this chasm, says legend, the Princess Brunhilde leaped on her charger

when fleeing to her lover, the Prince of the Harz, from the pursuit of Bodo, a giant. Bodo had determined to wed the princess, and followed her when she fled from him. Her great white horse leaped the chasm; but Bodo's weight was too great, and his horse, in jumping across, fell into the valley below, now called the valley of the Bode, in memory of the old tale. We are shown a great "foot-print" in the solid rock, said to be the mark made by the hoof of Brunhilde's horse when the animal leaped across the abyss.

At every turn a legend is told us while in the Harz. Goethe, the German poet, has made this witch-land of the Harz the scene of many events in his great poem, "Faust."

THE PIPER OF HAMELN

Excursions from the Harz to a group of old cities northwest of these mountains give us glimpses of Brunswick, Hanover, and the storied town of Hameln or Hamelin. Brunswick is the capital of the duchy of Brunswick and is rich in curious old wooden houses of the fifteenth century. The Brunswick Town Hall built in the year 1300, is a fine bit of ancient architecture. Hanover, too, is full of interesting buildings, relics of far-off times. The present royal family of England are descendants of the kings of Hanover.

But Hameln attracts us chiefly because we have been reading "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning, the English poet:

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

The legend is this: In the year 1284 Hameln was over-run with rats—hundreds and hundreds of them—until there was no living in the town with the pests.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

The people were in despair, and even thought of leaving Hameln, bag and baggage, when a piper appeared in town. He was an odd-looking body:

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

He told the people of Hameln that he could draw all the rats after him into the river Weser, merely by playing on his pipe. He asked a thousand guilders as his pay, but the people cried joyfully that he should have fifty thousand guilders.

Into the street the Piper stept
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

Then, the Hameln people being rid of their rats, refused to pay the Piper. He went away, but on June 26th returned and, walking through the streets, played a soft, sweet melody. Straightway all the children of Hameln came thronging after him:

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

He led them out of town to the Koppelberg hill,
in whose side a door suddenly opened. In went
the Piper, followed by all the children; and the
door in the mountain-side shut forever. One lame
child only was shut out, because he could not reach
the door in time.

Mr. Browning wrote the "Piper" to amuse a little
sick boy, and some people would have us believe
that it was not founded on fact. But when we visit
this old walled town of Hameln and find a street
called the Pied Piper's street, and are shown the
very house in which the Ratcatcher lived—how
can we doubt the truth of the tale?

It was said that for many years after the rat pesti-
lence the Hameln people dated all events from the
day the Piper spirited away the children.

HAMBURG

Good fortune gives us a ride down the great river
Elbe to Hamburg. We go on a barge loaded with
wood, paying the owner to receive us as passengers
along with his family. These large, flat-bottomed
crafts are forever moving in endless procession along
the rivers and canals of Germany; and the inland

waterways of Germany are many and long—eight thousand six hundred and fifty-four miles long, when their length is added together.

Our barge is taking wood to Hamburg, and will carry back to Dresden a load of raw cotton. It is one hundred feet long and has a tiny cabin in the center where bunks are built. The bargeman's wife cooks her meals in a huge pot hung over an open fire which blazes on a little brick platform.



HAMBURG, SHOWING DOCK AND WAREHOUSE

We pass other barges, from Berlin, from Dresden, from Breslau, and from other inland towns. Many are returning from Hamburg, loaded with wool, raw cotton, wheat, rye, coffee, raw hides, and manufactured goods of various kinds. The banks of the Elbe are low, and we see the country far and wide. Meadows are bright with flowers; old windmills

wave their arms against the horizon; peasants' huts peer from vines by the water side; swans sail among the water-lilies along our way; and storks and cranes stand on the banks, watching our movements. We pass many large towns and villages.

Presently we are in Hamburg, where the river is alive with ships, wharfs and warehouses, and where canals seem to be the only streets until a droshky takes us from this busy river side of the city to a modern hotel in the fashionable quarter. Here we see broad streets lined with trees, beautiful parks and gardens, and large sheets of water encircled by pleasant promenades. The houses of this quarter are like palaces, the streets are clean, and the people well-dressed and prosperous looking. A great part of Hamburg was destroyed by fire in 1842, and has since been rebuilt on a splendid scale.

First we climb to the steeple of the church of St. Michael for a view of the city with its harbor, canals and surrounding country. This steeple is four hundred and thirty-two feet high.

This old "free town" of Hamburg is the chief commercial city of Europe. It lies on the east bank of the Elbe, about eighty miles from the mouth and has a magnificent port, formed by the river's broad expanse. Ships come and go at Hamburg from every part of the globe, over six thousand entering the port in a year. An array of tall masts fly the flags of all nations, though the British red is seen oftener than any other. There are docks here which have cost the government millions of dollars. Liverpool and New York docks seem poor in comparison. Each

great foreign port has its storehouses, with huge machinery for handling freight by shiploads. There are elevators and warehouses, railway tracks and electric cars, and windlasses which are creaking with the labor of lifting goods into upper stories.

We see ships loading for foreign ports with beet-root sugar, hops, coal, coke, woolen goods, leather goods, cotton cloth, machinery, porcelain, glassware, linen, and much else. Other ships are bringing petroleum and raw cotton from the United States; and coffee from South America; and coal from England; and—the list is a long one.

Besides the sea-going vessels, we look upon numerous boats of the river Elbe, which come by the inland water routes. The “back streets” of Hamburg are really canals, called “fleets.” All through the poorer part of the city wind these canals, bordered by warehouses with upper stories overhanging the water. Barges move noiselessly up and down the quiet water lanes; one is reminded of Venice with its gondolas.

The “fleets district” is full of the homes of the poor who live in cellars and badly-lighted old houses and win a livelihood by scrambling about the canal beds when the water is low, hunting for articles of value lost by the boats.

The river Elbe forms an estuary or arm of the North Sea, and so has high and low tide. At low (or ebb) tide the canals are dry; and the poor throng the beds, rummaging for what they may find. When high tide sets in, a telephone message from the coast orders three cannon shots fired in the harbor, to warn

the people in the "fleets" to escape. If the tide is very dangerous six shots are fired. But when ebb tide returns, back the people come to their canals.

Hamburg is a beautiful place in its newer part. It is a picturesque old city, with ancient streets of high-gabled houses in its less fashionable quarters—houses with quaint mullioned windows, and steep red or violet tiled roofs. They have cellars which extend out in front and are spanned by curious old stairs like drawbridges, and carved timbers, and high-peaked doorways, and door knockers, and casements, and every manner of curious adornment.

This noble old city with a population now of over seven hundred thousand inhabitants has a history dating back many centuries. It was a leading town in the Hanseatic League—a confederation of commercial cities, formed in the thirteenth century to protect their commerce from pirates, robbers, and other enemies of their rich merchants. Lubeck, Bremen, Cologne and Dantzic were among the other Hanse Towns. Some of the old houses of the wealthy Hanseatic merchants still stand in Hamburg.

We go all through the prosperous suburbs, seeing factories and workshops on every side; and through the fashionable suburbs full of elegant villas; and we ride over miles of clean streets and wonder what becomes of the dirt, for the emigrants who come to our country from Hamburg are often unclean objects to behold. The garbage is burned. There are day and night forces of street cleaners; and there are now disinfecting stations for the people and their goods, where dirt is removed wholesale.

We go to the *Bourse*, a place where thousands of merchants meet to transact business; and see the Zoölogical and Botanical Gardens, among the finest in Germany; we view the grand old churches, notable for their lofty towers, and find that St. Nicholas has the third highest spire in Europe. We hunt up the synagogue, or Jewish temple. Hamburg has a large Jewish population. We find the library, and hospitals, and the markets.

Here is the largest market in the world for live animals. The managers of museums, menageries, and "zoo" gardens depend largely upon Hamburg for their supplies of tigers, bears, lions, leopards, wolves, boa-constrictors, and tropical birds. Boat-loads of these "forest folk" arrive constantly. This market is so fascinating that we have no desire to see the other sights of the town.

Sometimes one spies a peasant woman in the costume of her district—a short, bright skirt, a high, square bodice with full white sleeves, a red handkerchief around her shoulders, and on her head the most curious head-dress you ever set your eyes upon. It looks something like a skullcap with a flaring black bow at the back, or maybe it resembles a shallow inverted flat basket.

In the shops we see great quantities of candy called St. Mark's bread, or marzipan. It is the name of a dainty which is made into bon-bons of every size and shape you could imagine, all, however, having the flavor of vanilla and rosewater and almonds. Some of it is made into tiny sugar potatoes with "eyes" that seem like those of real potatoes; there

are apples and peaches and pears and grapes and nuts, all made of the same delicious marzipan.

And there are also little round loaves an inch long. Now, why do you suppose this candy is made up into these little loaves, like bread? Thereby hangs a tale. Once upon a time there was a famine in Lubeck. As flour grew scarcer, and higher in price,



ISLAND OF RUGEN, BALTIC COAST

the bakers were compelled to make their loaves smaller and smaller. You can imagine the hunger of the poor people when the loaves finally were reduced to one inch in length. On St. Mark's Day the famine was commemorated, while the size and shape of the pitiful loaves are preserved in this candy, which you will probably find nowhere but in North Germany.

BALTIC COAST PLACES

Sixty-five miles north of Hamburg, on the Baltic Sea, is Kiel, a town of great commercial importance. We go by steamer from Hamburg down the Elbe to its mouth. At the town of Brunsbruttel the steamer enters the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which cuts across Holstein to the Bay of Kiel. This great ship canal was opened to commerce, June 21, 1895, with a splendid celebration in which the navies of Russia, Austria, Italy, France, and Great Britain took part.

Why make such a stir over this canal? Indeed, the Germans might well celebrate, for it gave to all the Baltic coast ports a short route to the North Sea. The map shows us what a long journey ships had to make, and that, too, along a dangerous coast, before the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal was opened. We make the trip through the canal in thirteen hours; where formerly it required over three days to go by steamer from Hamburg to Kiel.

In times of peace this canal is open to all men-of-war; but in war time it may be used only by the German Navy. Emperor William I. began this great waterway in 1887, digging with his own hands the first spadeful of earth, near Kiel. It is almost sixty-two miles long; the width of its bottom is seventy-two feet, that of its surface is two hundred and thirteen feet, and its depth is twenty-nine and one-half feet.

We visit the German Naval Academy at Kiel, where naval officers are educated. Every boy loves a ship, and here our boys may look upon perfect

models of ships of every pattern. These are for the boys at the Naval Academy to study. Every cadet of them must know these ships from end to end, learning the name and use of every rope, sail spar, and what-not of a full-rigged vessel. The training is excellent. This Kiel Naval Academy is the most finely equipped naval school in Europe.

We travel southeast from Kiel to Lubeck, an old Hanse town on the river Trave. Lubeck is a fine specimen of a German town of the Middle Ages. By Middle Ages one means the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The old *Rathhaus*, or Town Hall, of Lubeck, where the Hanseatic League held its meetings, still stands. There is a large harbor here where from two to three thousand vessels enter each year. Much wine from France is brought to Lubeck for re-shipping through Germany.

From Lubeck northeast to the Prussian province of Pomerania is a brief journey, Pomerania is a low, flat country, with a long coast line, and in winter a bleak sky and the coldest of cold climates. We come here to see the people, for the Pomeranians in remote villages and out-of-the-way corners still dress as quaintly and live in as old-time a fashion as one will find in Europe.

The Island of Rugen, lying off the northwest coast of Pomerania attracts a host of tourists each year because of its picturesque scenery, its forests, its sea bathing, and its old-world peasantry. Rugen is the largest island belonging to Germany. It has numerous peninsulas and bays, the peninsula of Jasmond on the north being a high, chalky cliff, with

rugged scenery and curious villages and a quaint folk whose speech, habits, and costumes are like that of no other people.

Goose-girls are a common sight in Rugen, which is famous for its flocks. When we see a goose-girl knitting under a beech tree, her feathered charges



COSTUMES SEEN AT RUGEN

straying over the meadow, the blue sea in sight and the wooded cliffs making a picture before her—when we see all this, we want to be goose-girls ourselves.

Then we go down to the beach and watch the fishermen hauling in their nets or rowing their boats

through the surf, with a wholesome smell of dried herring and salt air and sail-cloth and oil-skin coats enlivening our noses—and we want above all things to be Rugen fishermen.

The herring fisheries are very important in Rugen. All along the Baltic herrings, salmon, eels, and mackerel are caught. Germany gets cod and oysters from the North Sea, and sturgeon from the Elbe and Oder rivers.

The Oder River flows through Pomerania into the Baltic. On its west bank is Stettin, one of the chief seaports of Prussia and the capital of the province of Pomerania. It is a fortress, with barracks, garrison, and outworks; and it has a castle four hundred years old. Stettin streets are hilly, and from the castle tower one looks upon a busy folk climbing up and down its uneven ways. They manufacture glass, beer, soap, hats, and candles.

The port of Stettin is on one of the three mouths of the Oder; and here the largest ships weigh anchor. Ship supplies are manufactured at Stettin, and in the famous Vulcan Ship Yards large ocean vessels are built. In a few months the new ocean liner Kaiser William II. will be launched from these yards.

The Kaiser William II. is the longest ship in the world, and the fastest. Nineteen hundred passengers can be accommodated on board, which, with officers and crew, make two thousand, five hundred persons—a good-sized villageful of people.

Throughout Pomerania we find many lakes, while forests, meadows, and fields of rye, potatoes, oats,

wheat, barley, tobacco in small quantities, and beet-root (for sugar), cover the less sandy barren regions. The farm lands belong to large estates owned by the nobility. A large manor house has a fine park about



COSTUME SEEN ON THE ISLAND OF RUGEN

it, and elswenere on the estate is a little village for the farm laborers.

We visit a manor as guests of the lady of the manor. We sit on the hair-cloth sofa in a prim drawing room, where the furniture is heavy, solemn-looking, and costly. A maid serves us with lemonade and sand-

wiches and radishes—radishes being a favorite relish. The hall is a brick-paved corridor with gloomy, dark walls, whereon hang guns, swords, hunting gear and riding whips enough to stock a museum. The bed rooms have the short narrow bedsteads and feather-bed coverings of all German homes. The dining room is heavily paneled in time-stained wood, while dark pictures of distinguished ancestors of the family hang upon the walls.

Then we enter a laborer's hut in the village; but hurriedly leave it, for every door and window is closed to keep out the air. Impure air is no annoyance to Germans, whether peasants or lords. They keep their houses air-tight, and wonder why they are sick so often in winter.

Peat is the fuel used in these peasant homes, and pork is the chief article of food. A peat fire over which sausage sizzles burns in every little cottage. These tiny houses, poorly furnished, have but one room, and that usually full of children.

AMBER

The old city of Dantzic on the northeastern coast of the Baltic is noted for its amber. Its shops are full of amber necklaces, combs, bracelets, pipes, and ornaments. Many of these articles are richly carved and of great value; but their price now is nothing compared with their value in ancient times. Hundreds of years before Christ amber was used for rare ornaments.

A shopkeeper in Dantzic tells us that the price of even a small amber figure, among the old Romans,

was greater than that of "a living, healthy slave." In those days, babies wore amber necklaces because the parents believed that these protected their infants from witchcraft and evil spells.

The Greeks thought this yellowish substance possessed of magic powers, for when they rubbed a bit of amber with silk it drew toward it objects of light weight, such as paper, straws, or leaves—just as a magnet draws iron. The Greeks called amber *elektron*, from which came our modern word electricity.

We go down the coast to see the amber fishers, and later to other points to see the amber miners. But strange to say, amber is neither fish nor mineral. It is believed to be formed from the gum of a tree just as resin comes from the pine. But amber is the tree gum in a fossilized state. Often masses of amber show within them fossil insects, leaves, twigs, and the like; or they have markings on their surface showing forms of plant or insect life. The pieces found are never very large; in Berlin a mass of amber weighing eighteen pounds is kept as a curiosity, being the largest piece ever found.

After a heavy storm the waves wash up lumps of amber from the shallow depths near the shore; and here is where we see the amber fishers. Men and women stand in the water up to their waists, hunting for the treasure. It is a yellowish substance, sometimes quite transparent, being hard, brittle, and capable of a high polish. It looks like play to see the fishers frolicing in the water, snatching easily at the amber masses; but it is a hard life, we are told.

In regions along the coast, thousands of people are

engaged in digging amber from the earth where it is found at a depth of from sixty to one hundred feet. The Baltic coast from the earliest ages has supplied by far the greatest amount of all the amber found in the world. Long before the time of Christ this region was called the "Amber-land"; and in long, long-gone days Dantzic was founded.

We like Dantzic. It has an old city gate, and an old Town Hall, and an old Arsenal—all of them like pages from some musty picture book of our great-great-grandparents. Besides, Dantzic is a fortress of the first rank and has stood terrible sieges—especially during Napoleon's wars. Nowadays it is just a busy port for grain and timber—the great grain port of Germany.

IN SILESIA

A brief trip is made to Königsberg, a fortified city on the Pregel, five miles from its port. Königsberg's port is entered by seventeen hundred vessels yearly; they bring tea, iron and salt and carry away vast supplies of grain. Factories here make woolen, silk, and leather goods, and iron foundries, machine shops, breweries, and dye-works give the old fortress city a business-like, prosperous air.

And now we leave the Baltic coast, turning southward for a journey through the Prussian province of Silesia. There are many things to be seen here: the zinc mines, for instance, the richest in the world, and the marble quarries, and the jaspers, agates, and amethysts, not to mention the commoner minerals: coal, lead, copper, cobalt, and arsenic. Then we

see the great estates of the wealthy, some of them covering one hundred thousand acres. Often the farm-laborers on these estates are Poles, for Silesia has a large Polish population.

Flax is a common crop, and so are sugar beets, and hops for beer, and mulberry trees for silk culture. Richly wooded sections are full of wild game. Hunters prowl through the forests, and the crack of a



DRESDEN

rifle often breaks the silence of woods and mountains. Hares, red deer, wolves, and wild boars are found.

We stop in Breslau, the capital of Silesia. It is built on both banks of the Oder River, which we first saw at Stettin. We must buy linen in Breslau, and lace too. We may see the linen being woven in the cottages of these Silesian peasants. And the lace is made by women in their poor little hovels among the mountains. It looks somewhat like Brussels lace, but is coarser.

Silesian linen has a high reputation. We think

it a fine sight to see acres of green grass covered with the long strips of linen bleaching in the sun. All along the Riesenbirge, or Giant Mountains, the peasants are busy spinning flax, weaving linen, and sprinkling the strips spread out in the sun.

Breslau is noted not only for its linen trade, but for its wool markets—the chief wool market of continental Europe. Merino sheep were first brought into Silesia by Frederick the Great. From Breisau we go by carriage toward Dresden over a wild and picturesque road leading through dense forests and beside mountain torrents. Silesia is a Roman Catholic province, and mountain shrines for praying pilgrims are often seen buried deep among the trees or standing on some hill-top, while the road here and there is marked with crosses bearing life-size figures of the Christ.

DRESDEN

Arriving in Dresden, the beautiful "Florence of the North," we gladly unpack our trunks at our pension, for we wish to stay here as long as possible. Dresden has a wealth of art treasures, like Florence, the lovely old Italian city. And it is so attractive in every other way that many foreigners make it their home. We find friends from America in plenty residing in Dresden apartment houses, and in the villas bordering the Elbe banks. Here, indeed, we see the Elbe River again, the same noble stream down which we traveled to Hamburg. Dresden lies on both banks, with bridges connecting the two parts.

Let us cross this old bridge, the finest stone bridge in Europe, say some. Its great piers look as if built

for eternity. We look down upon them from the raised stone sidewalk bordering either side of the bridge. Money to build this old bit of masonry was raised by the Pope. He sold people the privilege of eating butter and eggs during Lent, and gave the proceeds to the bridge fund.

We cross to the Bruhl Terrace beyond, a lovely promenade along the river banks. One ascends to the Terrace by broad flights of steps, and from the highest point looks up and down the river, where



AUGUSTA BRIDGE AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, DRESDEN

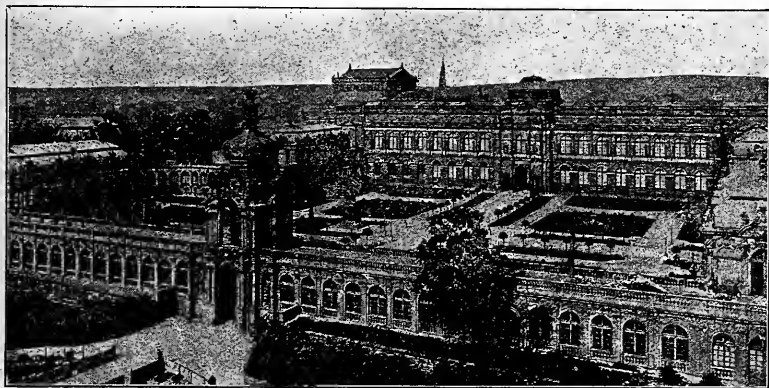
thousands of lights at night are reflected in the water, and where steamers and boats of every style dance about like fireflies, while bands play in the open-air cafes on the Terrace, and people make merry at the tables scattered under the trees.

The chief art collections of Dresden are found in the Zwinger, the picture gallery of the New Museum, the "Green Vault" of the royal palace, and the Japanese Palace. They have been gathered together

by different kings of Saxony, for Dresden is the capital city of this historical little kingdom.

One Saxon ruler, in the days of Frederick the Great, set out to build a stately palace. But he got no farther than the vestibule, which is now called the Zwinger. It contains a zoölogical and mineralogical collection, and a museum of antiquity.

But the picture gallery lures us from every other sight in Dresden. We must see it—one picture in it—if we see nothing else in Germany. This Royal



ART GALLERY AT DRESDEN

Gallery draws thousands of tourists to the Saxon capital every year, and the first picture they search for is the Sistine Madonna. Raphael painted it in 1515 (or thereabouts) for the altar of a monastery in a little Italian town. Two hundred years later the king of Saxony bought it for sixty thousand thalers, to adorn the Dresden gallery. And here it will always stay, for no price can buy it. Dresden has refused an offer of over a million dollars for it.

We pass through great halls, opening one into the other, all full of beautiful pictures by the great masters of many lands, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Titian, and Correggio. Presently we open a door into a small room, where in the half light we see people sitting on seats along the wall. They are gazing steadily at the one picture which covers a large space on the opposite wall. A single window lights the room. We too find seats and raise our eyes to the canvas. This is the Madonna, hung in a room by itself. "Upon a cloud, Mary walks or floats. About her are other clouds made up of half-revealed angel faces. Mary's face is perfect in form and feature. Her eyes look above and beyond the beholder. The child (Christ) is serious, sad, with a baby face, and eyes which look straight at one."

The figures are life-size, the entire painting being eight and a half feet high and six and a half feet wide.

Another Madonna, painted by Holbein, is also in a room by itself. It is beautiful, but far less impressive than Raphael's. People have been known to burst into tears before the lovely vision of the Sistine Madonna. Many stand in prayer before it—as if before the very Christ-Child himself.

Other celebrated paintings in this gallery are Correggio's "Holy Night," Hofmann's "Jesus in the Temple," Munkaczy's "Crucifixion," and the "Magdalene Reading," a small painting on copper, of almost priceless value.

The "Green Vault" in the royal palace is so named from its original decorations. Its collection of prec-

ious stones, pearls, shells, mosaics, corals, bronzes, works of art in gold, silver, amber and ivory, regalia and swords, is the richest of its kind. We see a pearl the size of a hen's egg, formed into a figure representing the dwarf of Charles II. of Spain. One bit of exquisite work by Dinglinger, a celebrated goldsmith, is a group called "The Court of the Great Mogul." There are 321 figures in the group, which is made of gold and enamel upon a silver plate four



MARKETPLACE AT DRESDEN

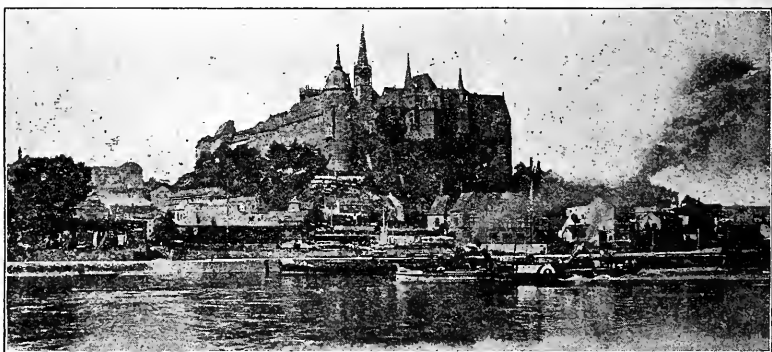
feet four inches square. The artist, his family, and fourteen workmen spent eight years upon this group.

The Japanese Palace contains a museum, library, and a collection of porcelain and terra cottas. The Museum Johanneum, in another quarter, has a rich collection of porcelains, from the earliest production of Bottcher, the Dresden chemist, down to the products of the famous royal porcelain works at Meissen.

Meissen is a suburb of Dresden, situated a few miles

distant on the Elbe. We go there by steamer and wander over the old palace of the early Saxon kings, which has a splendid position on a high, rocky cliff. In this palace Bottcher discovered the process of making the beautiful glazed china for which Dresden is noted. Dresden china, or Meissen porcelain, is now made in the great factory opposite this castle.

A guide shows us through the factory, which is as solidly-built and as large as a palace. The store



MEISSEN

rooms are crowded with porcelain ware; table services, vases, toilet sets, clocks, tiles, porcelain paintings, and other articles of use or luxury.

The porcelain is made of a mixture of kaolin (a white clay) and feldspar. The kaolin is sifted and filtered until pure, and the feldspar is melted, pounded and sifted. The mixture is made into dough by adding water and is thus ready for the potter at his wheel. Moulds are used to ornament the articles after they are shaped by the potter. And after

moulding, the pieces are passed on to the modelers and retouchers for further careful trimming and decorating. Then the objects are baked in ovens, and afterward glazed by dipping them in tubs of glazing material. The celebrated "hall mark" or trade-mark of Meissen ware is the crossed swords painted on the bottom of each article. After glazing, the pieces are painted and gilded. Famous artists are engaged in the finest work; and there is a training school connected with the factory where students learn the art of china decoration under master artists.

In the time of Napoleon, French workmen at the Sevres china works were surpassing Meissen in the delicate colors of their porcelain. But the Meissen factory learned their secrets and astonished Napoleon by giving him a service of Meissen china decorated with scenes from his own life and colored in exact imitation of the Sevres tints.

A part of the mountain district of Meissen, extending on both banks of the Elbe to the border of Bohemia, is called Saxon Switzerland. It is a picturesque region of hills and valleys, with views over the river, up deep ravines, and across the lonely country. Tourists visit its many points of interest by thousands. We make a walking tour through Saxon Switzerland, and then turning northward again make our way to Leipsic, the second city of importance in Saxony.

LEIPSIC

Leipsic is situated in a large plain at the junction of three rivers, and is one of the richest towns in Germany. It has many quaint old houses, a univer-

sity, an ancient castle; and a beautiful promenade surrounding the town, formed from the old city ramparts. Along the promenade one sees monuments of the illustrious men of Leipsic, for it is a city celebrated for its great men and events.

At Leipsic was fought the battle between Napoleon and the allied armies of Europe, which ended in Napoleon's banishment to Elba. Without the city is a granite block which marks the spot where Napoleon stood while watching his army on the plain beyond. Leipsic has many monuments erected in memory of this battle.

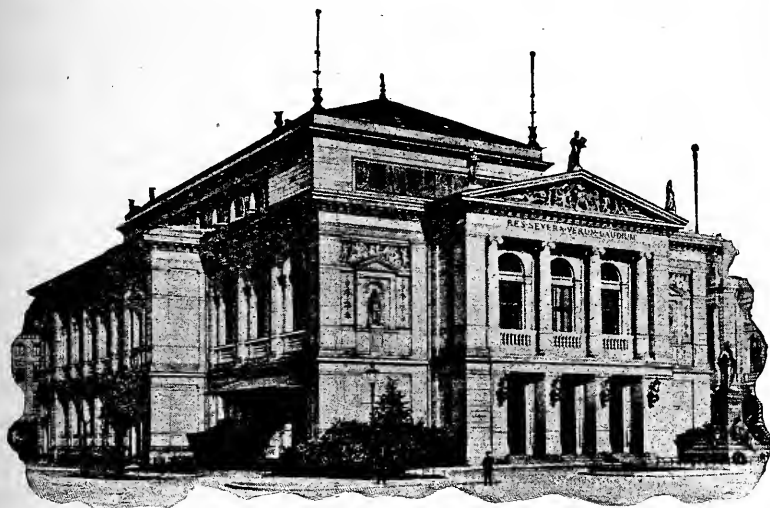
The old city is noted, as well, for its book trade. There are many large printing houses here, besides several hundred book shops. At Easter each year a great fair is held, to which merchants, manufacturers, and especially booksellers come by thousands from every part of the world, even from the far East.

The Conservatory of Music is the center of music study in Germany, though that of Berlin is fast becoming its rival. Music students crowd to Leipsic just as artists crowd to Paris. This conservatory was founded by the composer Mendelssohn a little less than one hundred years ago. We visited Mendelssohn's grave in Berlin; and we are constantly coming across some monument to a great composer, or some old house with a tablet over its door relating that here was born one of the Fatherland's masters of music.

Everywhere in Germany honor is done to her greatest musicians. Who are these men whose fame is the chief glory of their country? The list is long: Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Wagner are the greatest of the brilliant company

Bach's home was in Leipsic, and his monument stands on the promenade encircling the city. The monument (a bust) was raised to his memory by Mendelssohn. Johann Sebastian Bach is called the "father of modern music." He was born in 1685 at Eisenach and spent fifty years in composing, directing



THE CONCERT HALL AT LEIPSIC

concerts, and acting as chapel-master in the cathedrals. As an organ-player he had no equal. Every Easter his wonderful "Passion Music" is performed in the churches throughout Germany. Shortly before his death he became blind from his hard labor. We may see his grave in the churchyard at Leipsic—the grave of Germany's first great musician.

Handel, too, was born in 1685, at Halle in Lower

Saxony. As a boy he loved music, and the story is that his father looked on his son's musical tastes as a disgrace to the family. He ordered the child to leave music alone. But Handel found an old spinet hidden in the garret, and used to steal away to this poor instrument and play by the hour. Once his father took him to the palace of a duke, where the boy strayed about and at length found the chapel with its organ. At once he began to play, and the duke, hearing wonderful music, learned with amazement that the player was a mere boy. The duke advised Handel's father to give him every encouragement; and thus began his musical career.

Handel's oratorios are his compositions best known to us—the oratorios of "Saul," with its wonderful "Dead March"; and the "Messiah," with its glorious "Hallelujah Chorus"; and the "Samson." Handel's life was spent—the latter half of it—in England. He was blind, like Bach, for seven or eight years before his death, which occurred on Good Friday night, 1759.

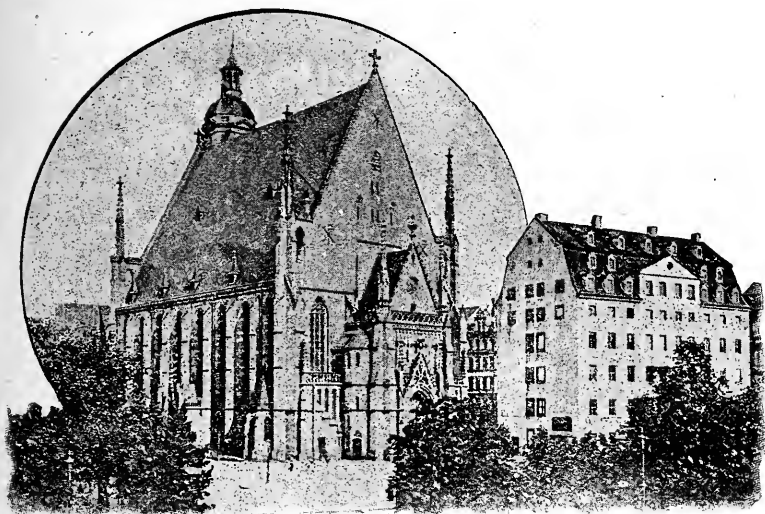
Mozart's musical gifts appeared when he was four years old. His father found the child writing a concerto for the piano, and on looking at it wept with joy, for it was accurate and even difficult.

"It is good," said a friend who was present, "but too difficult for general use."

"Oh," said little Mozart, "it must be practised till it is learned. This is the way it goes." And seating himself at the piano, he played it with perfect correctness.

His father was court musician at Solzburg, and

gave him the most careful training. At the age of six the child was famous. He was taken to Vienna to play at the Austrian court, and to Berlin and other German cities, and to Paris and London. Everywhere he was petted by kings and queens and other great folk, who were astonished and delighted with



THOMAS CHURCH AND SCHOOL, LEIPSIK

his extraordinary genius. But though gifts were showered upon him, he and his father remained poor. "We have swords, laces, mantillas, snuff-boxes, gold cases, sufficient to furnish a shop," wrote his father, "but as for money, it is a scarce article, and I am positively poor."

Lack of money pinched Mozart all his life, but he worked without rest, writing music—operas, sonatas, and symphonies of marvelous beauty and power.

His operas "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" are chief among his masterpieces. In 1791 he composed the "Magic Flute," the first German opera of great merit, also his "Requiem Mass," which he was striving to finish at his death. The story of this "Mass" is a pitiful one.

Mozart was very ill and had a presentiment that his end was near. One night a stranger appeared, dressed in somber gray, and ordered a requiem to be composed without fail within a month. A requiem is a lament for the dead (or a funeral mass). The visitor did not give his name, and departed in such mystery and gloom that Mozart was troubled. Shortly afterward the stranger called again and solemnly reminded Mozart of his promise. The sick composer believed that this was a visitor from the other world, and that the requiem was ordered for his own burial. He brooded over the Mass, laboring until he swooned in his chair.

His last work was an effort to complete this mournful, exquisite composition; but he died one dark December day, leaving it still unfinished. He was buried in a pauper's grave in Vienna, because his wife had no money with which to buy a coffin. Thirty-five years was the brief span of his life; and yet the world has been enriched forever with his music.

Beethoven was born at Bonn (near Cologne) in 1770. Unlike Mozart, he hated music when a lad, and had to be whipped by his father before he would sit down to the harpsichord to practise. After the age of ten, he began to show his genius, and he won the applause of leading musicians, who wondered at

his power. He, too, was bitterly poor, and about the age of thirty lost his hearing. This deep misfortune caused him the greatest agony of mind; but it in nowise spoiled his career.

His works are so many and show such genius that no name among German musicians stands higher than his. His opera of "Fidelis" is considered the finest of



MOZART AT WORK ON HIS REQUIEM

its kind ever written. His symphonies are equally great; and besides, there are many songs, masses, and other compositions to prove his life one of toil. He died at Vienna in his fifty-seventh year.

Leipsic is one great music-box, with its pianos and organs and violins all a-go, day and night. Music

students lead no easy life under German masters; but if the training is severe, the skill gained pays for the toil. We attend concerts given by the star pupils of the Conservatory, and hear many artists of note, as well.

With music ringing in our ears, we turn southward to visit Munich, Nuremberg, and the dear old Rhineland cities. South Germany lies before us. So farewell to this German northland, and farewell to our North German friends—but no; let us say instead the sweet German words of parting, “Auf wiedersehen”—“Till we meet again.”



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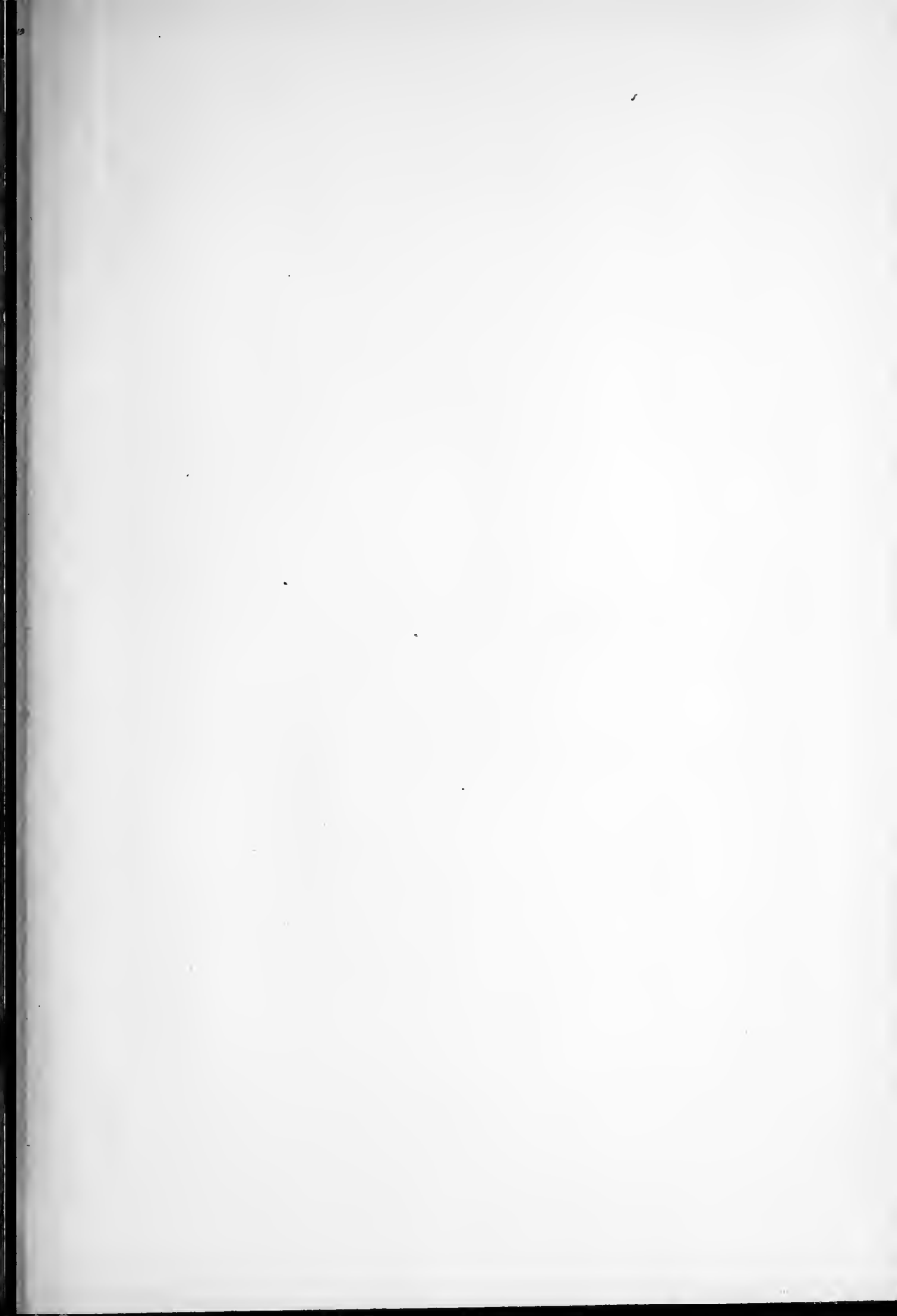
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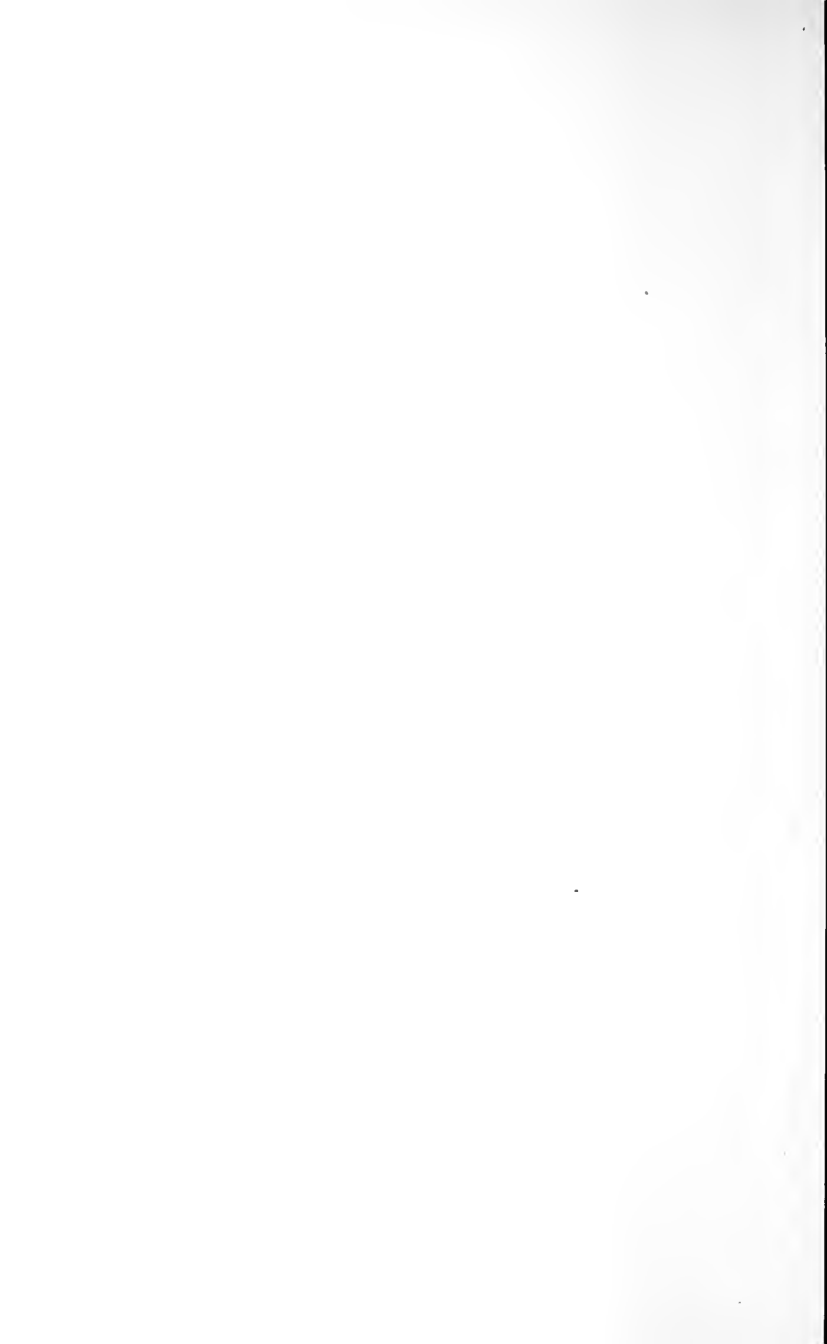
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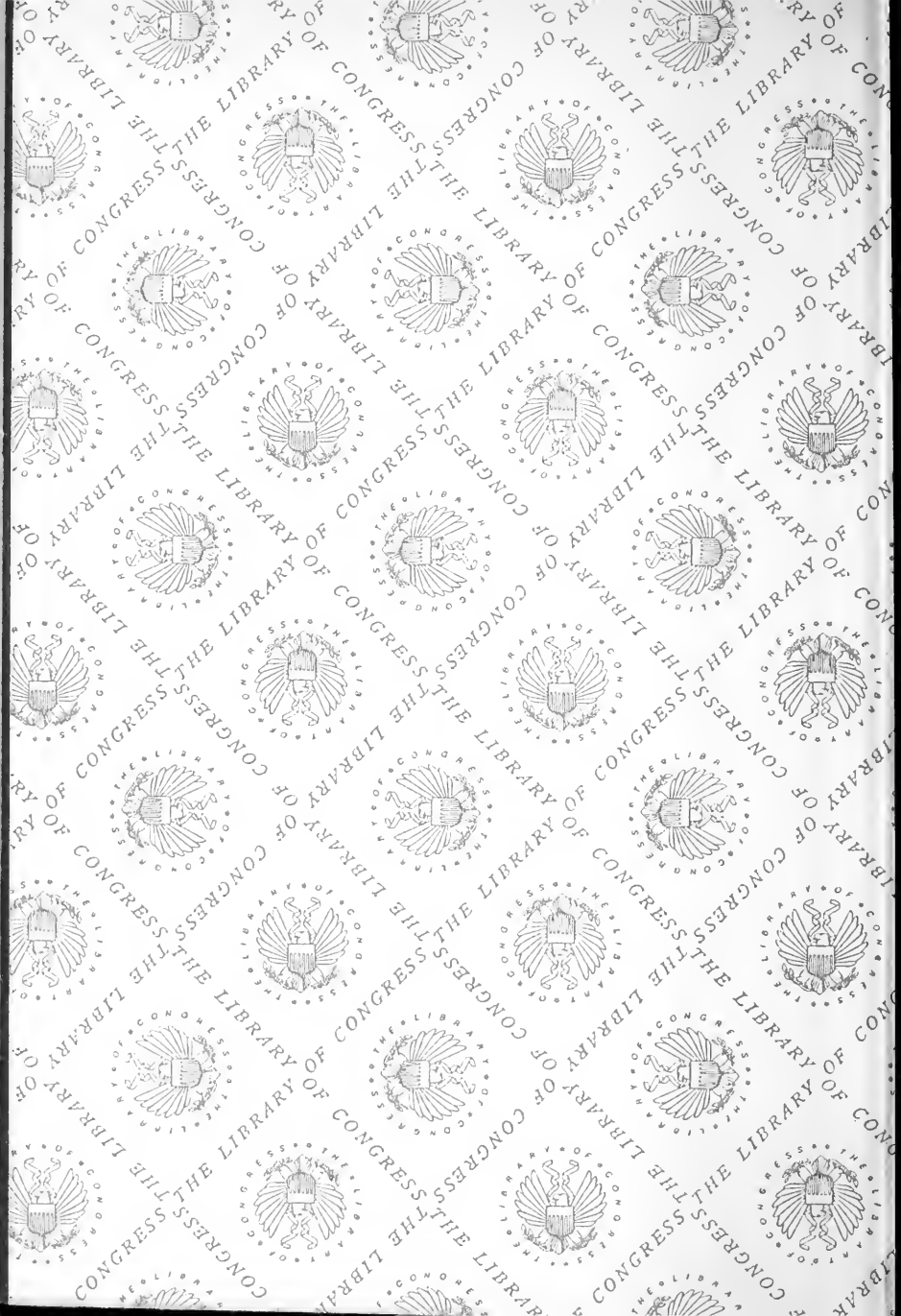
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